

JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 63.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17th, 1907.

ONE PENNY.

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.)

No 340354

For meaning of this number
see page 1.



*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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JOHN BULL.

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Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. III. No. 63.

Saturday, August 17th, 1907.

One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, unless otherwise signed, is editorial.

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull."

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without inter-

ference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

In addition to the £5 payable to the holder of each of the numbers, Messrs. Curzon Bros., the well-known tailors, of 60 and 62, City Road, have promised to present to every winner one of their suits to measure, absolutely free of charge.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the successful numbers relating to it.

Last week we published the numbers for our issues of June 29th and July 6th, and the following claims in respect of such numbers have come to hand:—

Mr. HENRY A. PRITCHARD, c.o. The National Bank, 13, Old Broad Street, E.C., No. 197,812.

Mr. FRANK SMITH, 75, Blenheim Street, Princes Avenue, Hull, No. 228,962.

Mr. J. H. STEPHENSON, 118, High Street, Oxford, No. 205,351.

Mr. ARTHUR SHACKLETON, 33, Albert Road, Saltaire, Yorks, No. 205,874.

To each of whom £5 has been forwarded.

Three readers have sent in covers of our issue of July 6th bearing winning numbers:—

Mr. C. MCGUIRE, 20, Ashburnham Grove, Greenwich (No. 342,107), and

Mr. ROBERT D. H. HAZELTON, Sussex Road, Sidcup Hill, Fooks Cray, Kent (No. 344,536),

Mr. W. GARDINER, 109, Clive Road, Dulwich, S.E. (in respect of No. 313,241).

and the sum of £5 has been forwarded to each of them accordingly.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF JULY 13TH:—

383,335	453,429
456,574	411,414
413,167	437,490
457,360	392,851
397,219	395,352

We shall be glad to hear from any readers possessing any of the above numbers.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF JULY 20TH.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 21ST (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 19TH).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

London Opinion is angry with us for exposing the sham of its Limerick competitions, and it awards us "a Doggerel biscuit" for the couplet which adorns our inside title-page, and which it incorrectly reproduces. Our beloved contemporary, however, says nothing about those other lines—on the outside title-page. Jessop on Byron would make fine reading! It would be different if our revered *confrère*, Mr. Moreton Mandeville himself, were to express an opinion. No one doubts that he possesses a fine poetic temperament. See the *Daily Report* and other "London and Paris Exchange" circulars.

Our readers may like to know how the Rev. Mr. Aked, whom the Lord recently "called" from Liverpool to New York (on the suggestion of Mr. Rockefeller), is getting on in his new home. By the courtesy of a correspondent we are enabled to tell them. The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, occupying from Nos. 4 to 8 of West Forty-sixth Street, is the address of the new ministry. There is a choir of four voices, with an organist and musical director, and an assistant minister in the person of the Rev. W. S. Richardson; there are seven Deacons, nine Trustees, a Clerk, a Committee on Pews and Sitings, a Treasurer, a Bible School Superintendent, and nine Ushers. Before us is the calendar for Sunday, June 23rd, and we gather that "After next Sunday (June 30th) the Church will be closed for the Summer Vacation. Services will be resumed on Sunday, September 15th"! Two months and a half's holiday—poor, overworked pastor! But does it ever occur to him that one of these days it may dawn on the congregation that if their souls can take care of themselves for eleven weeks at a stretch, there is not much need for a pastor at all?

And here is another interesting item: "The Chinamen baptised last Sunday night will be received, and Dr. Aked's address to them will be translated by the Rev. Fung Y. Mow." Poor old Fungy Mow! How he must smile as he translates Aked's drivel! Shades of Confucius! Fungy Mow! Why not Ikey Mow?

And here is a final item: "Brown University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Dr. Aked." Doctor of Divinity! When shall we have a new degree—Doctor of Humanity? But listen to these two items from the charter of the Brown University: "Into this liberal and Catholic institution shall never be admitted any religious tests." Excellent—but stop a moment: "Out of twelve Fellows, eight shall be for ever elected of the Denomination called Baptists." We leave Dr. Aked with the hope that he may enjoy his brief and well-earned rest. His last sermon, by the way, was on "The Ethics of Holidays." We wish we could have heard it. For the life of us, we can't remember that Christ said anything upon the subject.

Some time ago we told how, in his early days, Lord Northcliffe was "spoofed" by the Eton boys when he was editing a paper called *Youth*. Somebody has been similarly "pulling the leg" of the proprietors of "Nervelettes"—whatever they may be. We have before us an advertisement containing a testimonial from "J. Strop Machin, O.D.," who describes himself as "Captain of the head" of H.M.S. *Sapphire*—said to be "cruising." In this testimonial Mr. Machin says: "My work is trying, especially when I am working in the magazines and double bottoms, at a temperature of about 120 degrees, among 12in. shells and other explosives." We think it right to mention that "Captain of the head" is a jocular naval term for the gentleman who attends to the seamen's lavatories; that "strop"

is a service version of the slang term "rorty"; that H.M.S. *Sapphire* is about twice as large as one of the L.C.C. steamboats, and that her biggest gun would probably be a 4 point 7, the shell of which would weigh about 50lbs. The weight of a 12in. shell is about 850lbs., and the guns for firing it are only to be found on a battleship, the weapon being 52ft. in length and weighing 60 tons. If "Strop Machin" thinks nothing of carrying a couple of these shells, he should go on the music halls as a strong man. More than one jack tar must be having a good laugh at the expense of the gullible proprietors of "Nervelettes." The "testimonial" indeed justifies its heading—"Remarkable Experience in the Navy!"

Considerable indignation was expressed in the lobby of the House of Commons when it became known that the Peers, at the instance of the late Lord Chancellor, had mutilated the Criminal Appeal Bill—first, by providing that no appeal on a question of fact should be entertained without a certificate from the judge who tried the case; and, secondly, by striking out our own clause giving prisoners under sentence of death an unfettered right of appeal. The Attorney-General, who is not a man to be trifled with, may be safely trusted to put the Peers in their places; whilst, personally, we shall most certainly not take the Lord High Jobber's interference "lying down."

Mr. Perks, whilst congratulating his Methodist flock upon the good bargain they made in buying up and pulling down the old Westminster Aquarium—of glorious memory!—expresses his delight that the lease of the Imperial Theatre is about to be terminated. We can understand his joy, for, of course, no good Methodist ever goes to the theatre, just as he never went to the Aquarium—except to see the fish. We do not know whether the theatre is to be included in the plans of the new Methodist cathedral; but, if so, then will be realised the dream of the poet who, when a religious service was held in a provincial play-house after a performance of "The Forty Thieves," wrote:

Stop, reader! if you've time to think,
Turn o'er St. Matthew's leaves,
And there you'll see the House of Prayer
Was made a Den of Thieves;
But here the case is altered quite,
Oh! reformation rare.
This modern Den of Thieves to-night
Is made a House of Prayer.

One of these days London may see a new thing—an army of children from her dark, mean streets, marching through the rich West End with banners bearing the device, "We demand the right to breathe." It is time they revolted, these men and women of the future, against a state of affairs which condemns them to live the tenderest and most precious years of their lives in an atmosphere laden with death, to breathe air that chokes their lungs, and stunts their bodies and robs their blood of its virility. Sir Frederick Treves has described the inky black interstices of the lungs of Londoners, which he had found to be filled with solid soot, inhaled from the air. Who is there who thinks of these children of ours who will not lend a hand, here and now, to bring a breath of real fresh air into these little lives, to help them for a day to live the only life that children ought to live—the life in the open, untainted air of the country side? Think of it! August in the London slums! An English child in an alley where the air is stifling—and the pure air of the country less than twenty miles away, and wild flowers waiting for that little child to pluck. Well, just send a trifle to the "Fresh Air Fund," St. Bride Street, London.

General Booth has selected his successor, so that no hiatus may occur at his demise, and, further, he con-

sulted Mr. Haldane and Mr. Asquith—of all people in the world—upon the subject. Yet there was, after all, a certain fitness about the conference—the Minister of War and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We have heard a rumour that the right hon. gentlemen strongly urged the claims of Mr. Lloyd-George, on account of his strong Nonconformist following—and for other reasons! But Commissioner Nicol sets us thinking. He says: "As to jumping at names, it is most indiscreet. Couldn't the Army have a queen as well as a king?" Can it be Marie Corelli—or Mrs. Chant?

The Goodwood Estates case reveals possibilities that only a Gilbert could do justice to. We are reminded of the famous dialogue in the "Mikado" between the Lord High Executioner and the Lord High Everything Else. The Government represent the Crown, and the Premier represents the Government; but in this case the Premier is a trustee of the Goodwood Estates. So we had the Solicitor-General for the Crown, whilst the Attorney-General was for the First Lord of the Treasury. The Duke, by way of adding to the tangle, was of opinion the Crown was right and his trustees wrong. We don't know if any bad feeling will be engendered between the two High Generals, but as presumably the country pays both of them, whichever way the verdict goes, it doesn't matter much. Although Mr. Justice Bray delivered judgment in favour of the Crown, we daresay there will be an appeal, and as likely as not a reversal, with consequent increase of legal emoluments. It's a wonderful thing, Law, despite Mr. Bumble's opinion. And, to add to the enjoyment of the taxpayer, it all comes about through that pious King Charles II., of blessed memory, having a fancy for the Duchess of Portsmouth, and putting a tax on coal to keep her memory warm. We are aware that "green" is the more orthodox phrase, but we reserve that for that long-suffering ass, "John Bull."

Some people are so very unreasonable! A Hungarian railway porter fell down in a fit, and was pronounced dead by the doctors. Two days after, on commencing the post-mortem examination, the dead man obstinately jibbed when the knife went in, and the show had to be abandoned. Surely, in the interests of science, the post-mortem ought to have been proceeded with. After all, he was only a porter.

Our attention has been called to an appeal from the Hon. Sec. of the "Moneylenders' Victims Benevolent Association" on behalf of three clergymen, "who will be ruined unless help comes." One of them, it appears, was "vicar of a country parish, and had to exist on about £150 a year" when he got into trouble. But he now has an income of £300 a year! Well, we shan't help him. Another of the trio got into difficulties through "buying a new suit of clothes and moving to a new house." If he had purchased the suit on the instalment system, he could have been accommodated from 1s. per week, and if he could not afford to move he should have stopped where he was. And the third "made a composition with his creditors some years ago," but the moneylenders refused to come in. They had evidently been listening to a sermon from the text, "Owe no man anything"; and being good Christians, as all moneylenders are, they would not be parties to ignoring the Scriptures. They were like the old bachelor, who justified his position by remarking that "marriage is a lottery; lotteries are illegal—and I will not break the law."

We do not know whether Mr. Henry W. Keay, the Mayor of Eastbourne, is any relation to his worship of Coventry. In any case, they ought to go in double harness—or, rather, in tandem, with Mr. Keay as leader. "Living statuary," forsooth! Mr. Keay is a

much better man than the Mayor of Coventry or the Bishop of London. He recently addressed an appeal to his faithful burgesses calling attention "To the number of places at which goods are exposed to view on Sundays, although the premises are not open for business—THUS CAUSING YOUNG PEOPLE AND OTHERS TO GATHER ROUND THE WINDOWS!" Such a condition of things cannot, of course, be tolerated in a Christian seaside resort. I ought we know, some of the goods thus exposed to the view of "young people and others" may be rude little dolls mit nuddins on, or pictures of persons bathing in the sea with their naked necks exposed! Consequently, Mr. Keay begs that "the parties concerned shall use blinds or shutters, so as to prevent the exposure of the goods." All this, it appears, is part of "a general movement which is being made for the better observance of Sunday in Eastbourne." To our way of thinking, it is part of a scheme to make the place the laughing stock of the civilised world, and to frighten away all decent-minded people.

Fortunately, there is not much prospect of this kind of nonsense catching on. It would mean the absolute ruin of the seaside resorts. And yet silly mayors and sillier parsons don't see it. Here is the Rev. J. D. Jones, a leading Bournemouth minister, expressing the wish that "the old Puritan spirit could be revived." It is all very well for Mr. Jones, with his excellent manse, and good salary, and long annual holiday; but Bournemouth without golf links, tennis courts, bowls, fishing, boating, bathing, bands—who would care to go there, except to die? Have you ever been to Bournemouth on a Sunday? Here is a short description of it, from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

The foreigner who wants to know what the Early Victorian British Sunday used to be should at once be transported to Bournemouth. There, once he has been to morning service in one of the many Churches, all very new, he may try to do whatever he can possibly think of, and he will not be able to do it. Of course, he cannot slake his thirst. He can hardly eat except in his hotel, the restaurants all being closed. He cannot buy a cigarette or a box of matches. He cannot listen to music; bands are prohibited on Sundays. He cannot walk under the arcades in the evening, except at the risk of banging up against a shop window, as not a single lamp is lit. He dare not be ill till 6 p.m., for the chemist announces "No attendance on Sundays except from six to 9.30 p.m." He may possibly find a cab, but not an omnibus, and not a steamer plies on Sundays, and, of course, he cannot hire a bicycle. He hardly dare walk or talk above a whisper, for the funereal surroundings react on the natural spirits of men and girls, and the Sunday Bournemouth crowd paces, silent and depressed, up and down. The golfer is forbidden to play golf on the Sabbath. Only the dogs are allowed to go into the sea on the Sabbath, and not a child is permitted to paddle or to sail a boat in the tiny Bournemouth.

Doubtless the Mayor of Eastbourne would consider this an ideal. Give us Paris.

The new "anti-snapshot law" in Germany is an excellent idea, and deserves imitation. Now that every man, woman and child goes about with a cheap camera, and all the journals flood the country with photographic fiends, none of us are safe. At any moment our most private intercourse or our mild indiscretions may be blazoned forth to the world in the form of a ghastly smudge or wicked caricature. Unless some legislation is provided for our protection, we may soon be tempted to retaliate upon photographers with weapons of a more deadly calibre.

There are a large number of imitation silver coins in circulation just now. They are so good that they are apt to deceive the innocent abroad. Evidently, somebody has started a private and unofficial Mint in a London cellar, and is selling money cheap to a gang of distributors. The date of many of the half-crowns is 1894, rather a long time ago, yet the coins are as

bright as a publican's pewters. Indeed, they are made of pewter, so that the publicans may be merely getting back their own. The assertion is often made that it is difficult to make money in these hard times. But this is an error. A little plaster of Paris and a pewter pot go a long way.

Far be it from us to interfere in the quarrel, more disconcerting to Irishmen than is allowed to appear on the surface, between the Sinn Fein leaders and the Nationalist party in Parliament. What the Sinn Feinners want, in fact, is to withdraw the Irish representatives from Parliament and cut Ireland adrift from England altogether; but Mr. Redmond has not yet lost faith in the constitutional movement. On this difference of opinion, and being utterly tired of Parliamentary life, Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., has thrown up the sponge to the Sinn Feinners in North Wexford. "By sending delegates all over the world to beg for money, which is doing no good," he says in his letter of resignation, "the Irish party is costing Ireland, America, and Australia over £100,000 a year, which might be profitably spent at home." But has Sir Thomas Esmonde considered the point whether Ireland would get it if it were not for the Parliamentary party? Probably Ireland would have had Home Rule by now if Parnell had not hunted the forbidden petticoat of Kitty O'Shea. Not Chamberlain or Devonshire, but Parnell and Kitty between them brought the movement from its zenith to its nadir, and all but broke the indomitable Old Man. "For four years," he said, sadly, "I have been rolling the stone up the hill of Sisyphus, and now it has toppled down again." There are men in England rolling it up again, nevertheless. But they have neither the strength nor the courage of the Grand Old Man, and it gets rolled up very slowly. One thing is certain. Only unity in Ireland can get the stone to the top and keep it there. With the Irish party divided, it will not only come rolling down once more, but will probably crush all who are in the path of its descent.

Talking of Ireland, the *Irish Homestead* thinks that if Ireland drank more cider it would drink less whisky, and lower the over-taxation of the country very considerably. "Personally," it adds, "we have never understood this enthusiastic desire on the part of the Irish people to drink to the health of the English Exchequer." In the bad old days of coercion there used to be current a story about a fervent Irish priest, who admonished his flock for their love of whisky. "An' what makes ye niglict yer homes?" he cried. "Whisky. An' what laves ye widout the rint? Whisky. An' what makes ye shoot at the landlords? Whisky. An' what makes ye miss 'em? Whisky." But then there has ever been keen sympathy, if not close affinity, between the warm Celtic nature and the pot still, or the patent still when the pot still is not available. The *Homestead* suggests that if every Irish farmer made his own drink out of his own apples, English government in Ireland would soon be bankrupt. Here, then, seems a happy ending. Eve bankrupted the eternal happiness of the human race in Eden by stealing apples, and Erin is going to bankrupt the base Saxon in Ireland by turning them into cider. This is a peaceful and easy solution of the whole Irish problem, and, as a friend of Ireland, we mingle our beseeching voice with that of our contemporary, and pray the Irish farmer to root out his praties and make room for the pippins.

If France and Spain would be good enough to include Raisuli in the little lesson now going forward in Morocco for the good of the enterprising Moor, we should feel much obliged, in accordance with our sentiments previously expressed. When it came to making funerals of Europeans at a coast town like Casa Blanca, a few miles beyond Rabat, it is obvious that there

would be the devil to pay. Hence a rain of French and Spanish shells has broken up the little toy affair they call a fort at Casa, and several hundreds of Moors are missing. All this is good as far as it goes. But we wish it would go further. Raisuli apparently did not engineer the trouble. On the other hand, the Emperor had not strength or influence to prevent it; and we suggest that either he should be permanently retired on pension and the throne and court jewels handed over to Raisuli, or that Raisuli should be run to earth once and for all. There does not seem to be room for them both in Morocco, so that squashing one or the other of them looks like an obvious job for the Powers.

The *Cambrian News* announces "a shooting match open to all the world. First prize, EIGHT SHILLINGS." Which recalls our old story of the village sports—First prize, a pot of four-ale; second prize, a pint of ditto; third prize, a good cigar!

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 337.

For advertising "How to Make a Girl,"
THE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 338.

For describing a man as "second engineer" in one of the
Duke of Bridgewater's sailing vessels,"
P.T.O.

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 339.

For prominently advertising a "magnificent offer" to its readers of "free entry" in a "Limerick" competition, together with an instruction to send a postal order for sixpence,

THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 340.

For advertising that a rider of one of their machines crashed through a five-barred gate, "breaking it all up, but only twisting his handles and bending his front number plates,"

THE N. S. U. CYCLE & MOTOR CO.,
78, Charlotte Street, W.,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 341.

For fining a woman £1 for stealing two rings which she had pawned for £2 5s.,

THE SHEFFIELD JUSTICES
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 342.

For fining a driver and a bicyclist each 1s. for having no lights, and at the same Court fining another bicyclist 5s. for having a lighted tar rope in lieu of a lamp,

THE ROTHERHAM MAGISTRATES
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 343.

For depicting a lady-farmer offering food to a donkey, and for describing this as "feeding the poultry,"

THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 344.

For announcing that the "mother [of quadruplets] and children, all splendid babies, are all doing well,"

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 345.

For stating that "as a leader of men Lord Charles Beresford has probably never been equalled since Nelson,"

"VANOC" (OF THE REFEREE)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

A CABBAGE PATCH FOR THE KING.

By AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.

It has been announced that King Edward of England and King Alfonso of Spain have purchased the almost uninhabited island of Cartegada as a sort of neutral and mutual place on which to receive their families and friends. The news is probably not true, but fancy fills the idea with a strange charm at this time of the year when all, save Emperors, Kings, and their kind, are free to lead the simple life and wear comfortable old clothes, and teach their children to shrimp and swim.

The Island of Cartegada turns its green back on the rocky coast of Cape de Verde, and the red roofs, lattice blinds, and *miradores* of the Galician town of Villagarcia, and thrusts two rugged arms towards the ocean. The waters round it are blue and clear, as only deep water can be, but there is ample room for tubby fishing boats to lie comfortably under the mainland, while others, rigged with lateen sails as brown and velvety as the body of a droning bee, move among the rocks, or among the flowering chestnut trees that fringe the coast. There is one hill higher than the others, too, where low white houses can be built.

"CABBAGES AND KINGS."

A few unhappy people live on this little isle, unhappy because they are out of the turmoil, the cruelty, the rush of the palpitating world. They simply drift through life, having the wherewithal to barely exist, just smoking the *papillos*, and eating the oily, garlicky food of the true Spaniard. Yet they are wretched. They regard themselves as the shipwrecked Selkirks of Europe, their island as the uninhabited Juan Fernandez, and they would gladly change their long, lazy days and soundless nights for the rattle of trams, the beat of footsteps, and the close humidity of the overcrowded streets of a Southern town. For centuries this handful of people in the beautiful Bay of Arosa have fished a little, tilled the ground a little, sat in the sun a great deal, and been vastly discontented with their lot. But there are other discontented people in the world, and among these are the great and rich, the people of importance in the world who, having had all things but solitude, have learned its rare value and sigh with the desire for loneliness, and consider that the person they would like to be, if not themselves, would be "Robinson Crusoe."

TWO WISE MEN.

It is said that among these foolish persons there are two wise men—the King of England and the King of Spain. The story goes that when these two Kings heard of the Island of Cartegada, they discovered that they had a mutual hatred for red carpets, edged with the fat, silken-clad calves of matched State footmen. They cordially agreed that there was no sound on earth so hateful to their ears as National Anthems, and that tight uniforms, jangling swords, and cocked hats with feathers on the top, were a weariness to the flesh and not to be borne. They had both eaten their fill of perpetual partridge in palaces, regulation hours for Government business, followed by foreign despatches, State receptions, dreary meals for the entertainment of visiting potentates, early rising, late nights, the boredom of listening to inferior music, staring at bad pictures or trivial carvings, and being forced to praise everything. The abnegation of self, the total sinking of individuality, warps a mind and wearies a body as no hard work and hard play can ever do. The stereotyped smile on the face of a Queen grows more tiresome, more annoying, than the passing frowns on the brow of an ordinary woman. And those who know these things best, and who feel them most, are the Kings and Queens of the earth, and it is because of this, and to escape this, that King Edward of England and King Alfonso of Spain are of one mind in envying the peaceful, eventless life of the peasants who have dreamed through hot starry nights and idled through burning, golden days in the Bay of Arosa.

"A MAN'S A MAN."

King Edward has borne the fierce light of publicity, the braying of bands, the crude glare of scarlet and gold through a long and arduous life. King Alfonso wants to put behind him sometimes the rigid etiquette, the tyrannical artificiality of a hide-bound, grandee-ridden "Royal" existence. He wants to laugh when he is gay, dine in affectionate intimacy with his girl-wife, play with his baby, coo to it, crawl on the floor with it, be worried when it cuts its first tooth, be hugely proud when it totters its first few steps, be, in fact, all that is best in creation: a true, healthy, happy man. King Alfonso's ambition is noble, and he is but a poor thing who shall dictate, that as an ordained and crowned King he shall never lift the diadem from his aching brows, never step from the height of the throne to the level of his subjects.

THE KING TAKES OFF HIS CROWN.

And sea-girt, rock-fenced Cartegada should be an ideal place in which King Alfonso, with his Queen and baby son, may make rare holiday—the holiday that means leaving all your smart things behind you, and taking just the comfortable, easy garments that help to make an easy life. On Cartegada the house built for the King of Spain will be sufficiently small to excuse any semblance of a Court. The *curriculum* of Kings will go by the board. As there will be nothing to do but lounge or fish, play tennis in the shade, or stroll round the farm, the King and Queen will be able to get up when they like. If the day is fair, and the woods call from their whispering green depths "Come!" luncheon can be sent out in baskets and in a governess donkey cart, the King can drive his wife and child out into the air to sit on the grass and laugh if the salt is forgotten, to watch the baby sleep among the flowers, and to go slowly home in the cool of the evening.

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

When the little white waves crisp on the sands and sing their song of invitation, there will be nothing to prevent papa and mamma, with baby, trotting through the flower-hedged, winding walks, down to the sheltered cove where the soft, white sand is soft as down to the feet, and where the dancing, gold-flecked water stretches out delicate fingers and warm arms to the bathers. Baby can be plunged and taught to kick and laugh, and he can run all cherub-naked and carry water in a pail to fill the sandy moat of the fine castle that "papa," himself a mere boy, will build. Dinner can be now and it can be then, and if His Majesty has the sulks—just like any other man—why, he can march himself off to bed and leave his pretty Queen to weep, just like any other woman, and they can kiss and make it up and be merely themselves, and no one be any the wiser.

THE KING IN OLD CLOTHES.

It was to that life, the life that has nothing to do with Courts, or saluting guns, reviews, receptions, curtsies, bowing and scraping, that Queen Victoria fled after only eight years of ruling, and it was among the very homely and retired surroundings of Osborne that King Edward spent the happiest time of his boyhood. At Osborne he wore his last year's clothes, cut his fingers at a carpenter's bench, spoilt his old boots, ran wild like the children of the men who worked on his Royal mother's farms. It is to that life that both he—the Uncle of Europe—and the youngest of the Kings, wish to return, for it is a sheer instinct with badgered, hunted, driven Royalty to seek the humanizing peace of privacy and simple, domestic life that are the privileges of their meanest subjects. Small wonder that the old King and the young want to establish an exile, a home of rest, for pursued and persecuted Crowned Heads who can never quite escape the armies of their friends or the hordes of their enemies. They have lived in strictly guarded castles, they have retreated to high-walled estates, but with scant success, for if those they wish to avoid are shut out, they themselves are shut in. They have gone down to the sea in ships, only to find that every coast bristles with ports, bowing and scraping officials, mayors and corporations, and strident brass bands. A yachting trip for a King is a nightmare of addresses, Ribbons and Orders, and all the stale old flunkeyism of which he is so heart-sick.

KINGS CAMPING OUT.

But tiny Cartegada has only room among its clustering hills and close-growing woods for two simple homes. The houses will be merely low, rambling bungalows, sheltered by wide verandahs, and having large windows through which the scent of flowers, the fluttering of birds' wings, the salt, clean air, and the tempting whisper of leaves can always float. On the sloping shoulders of the hills, long terraces will be cut, along which the Baby of Spain can patter, and where the Kings, knickerbockered and bronzed, can stroll or sit; while the Queens, freed from fine frocks, diamonds and Court ladies, can trip in their short English-built skirts and shady hats, where they can laugh and joke, have their girl friends to stop with them, order their houses, and make holiday like the simplest of the girls they left behind them in England.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**
For Breakfast & after Dinner

BACKWOOD LANCASHIRE.

By JAMES SHERLIKER.

THE HALF-TIMERS.

Crash! And the child starts.

The man they call the "knocker-up" calls out "Fi-ive o'clock!" and thunders at the cottage door again, and the child wakes. "Reight!" the parent shouts at the window. "Emily! Cum on! Five o'clock!" The child answers, then falls over into a half doze. In a moment sleep is conducting her back to the land of dreams.

Emily is a half-timer. She has a white face, and a wasp-like figure. She divides her time between factory and school. Her teacher says she is clever; the doctor fears she is consumptive; the father listens to neither, he thinks of her weekly half-crown and the things he can do with it. Emily, when called again, half falls out of bed, and inquires, with the anxiety of responsible old age, "Am I late?"

A bit of Lancashire this, a bit of half-timing. Recently I heard that Lancashire had been cured of most of its ills, and I went to see. But my informant lied. The heavy, dust-ridden, moth-mouthed curtain which separates the cotton county from its fairer sisters is hanging where I found it, and left it. Time is standing still there. The only things I see flourishing are backwardness and manufacturers. Operatives continue to cherish the "Look Back" motto. Competition still finds child-labour necessary—still uses it. The hellish half-work, half-school system is as popular as ever, and when I expressed my pleasure at the success of the Bill which raised the working age, one or two parents used language that would make Billingsgate porters fall on their knees and pray for the gift of eloquence.

The Grand Parade of the Child-Slaves is a sight all England ought to see. It begins at half-past five; not the afternoon, but the morning, when you and I are asleep, and the vigilant officials of the N.S.P.C.C. as well, and the Labour Champions, who give never a thought to this most crying of evils, and the heads of the Trade Unions, who, having become leaders, are contented, and our good shepherds, the bishops, and the vicars, and rectors, and curates. Asleep!

Half-past five! The clubman is turning into bed to prepare himself for another day's time-killing. The boy at Eton is dreaming of the greatness which his father has promised shall be his if only he will imbibe the learning for which his father is paying hundreds of pounds, and the West-End milkmen are laying down the cans at the tradesman's entrance, gently, very gently, lest Phyllis, who objects to being roused in the middle of the night, should complain to her mistress.

As the clocks strike the half-hour the children rise in their thousands, and if you peeped into any working man's cottage you would see Emilys and Tommies hunting for their shawls and caps and clogs with their eyes closed. Not a word is spoken. The half-timers grab their breakfasts, which have been wrapped up in newspaper sheets, assure themselves that their mothers have remembered to put tea and sugar in their cans, throw a lingering glance at the newly-made fire, answer "all right" to the fathers' warnings to hurry up, and pass outside, munching pieces of bread and butter. In a few minutes their little clogs are adding little rattles to the big roar on the pavements. But not a word. The children are sleepy.

A strange picture. The years of innocence, the inches of dwarfs, the cares of manhood, and as the picture unrolls, you wonder what particular species of insanity it is that impels us to condemn slavery abroad and foster it at home. The streets become more crowded, and the pace more fast. Now and again a boy or a girl will break into a run. Now and again a child will stumble and fall head over heels. Then you see breakfasts and tea and sugar mingling with the mud. As much of the dirty fragments as they can see they gather together, then off they run again, weeping, to be bombarded with oaths for being a minute late by a low-browed, ignorant official standing in the factory yard.

They fall through the door like sheep tumble through a gate. The engines are running now, and in a moment or two you can hear the clickety-clack of the looms, and the buzzing of the spinning mules. It is six o'clock, the hour when Lancashire starts work; the hour when the child is expected to become a man or a woman; the hour when managers and small factory owners, forgetting that they are fathers and church deacons, and superintendents of Sunday schools, stand with watches in their hands and turn from teaching to terrorising. Here is a lad so small he has to climb the factory stairs somewhat after the fashion of your three-year-old baby when you carefully follow him, and hold out your arms lest the little fellow should overbalance and break his head and your spirit.

They call it heart disease when one dies, a Lancashire doctor told me. But that of course is because half-timing is

not recognised as a disease. It is a duty. England expects that every man will do his duty, and invites him to; Lancashire expects the same manly duty of every man's children as well, and custom compels them. And so we have smart children developing into dreamy-eyed dunces, as ill-fitted to make their way in the world as are the white-jacketed churls who curse them.

And from six o'clock till noon these children will work with the speed of their elders, to the accompaniment of nerve-racking machinery, in an atmosphere that is anything between seventy and a hundred degrees. Should they make the slightest mistake the weavers and spinners thrust them roughly aside, and if a child be highly strung it bursts into tears. Later on you can see them creeping like snails unwillingly to school, fearful of the pertinent queries which the other scholars will make when they see the reddened eyes.

Just what the half-timer's work is does not matter, nor do I propose to concern myself with it. Sufficient to know that it saps the child's constitution, condemns thousands of young brains to perpetual aridity, stultifies the understanding, and is converting Lancashire—go-ahead Lancashire—into a slide for England's sarcasm. Sufficient to hear that it is the despair of teachers, the men and women to whom, after all, we must ever turn for a faithful reading of our educational barometer.

They say that what Lancashire does to-day England will do to-morrow. Think of it! Imagine the half-time system in vogue throughout the country. It would mean the complete annihilation of British boyhood and British girlhood—mean just childhood, then manhood; it would mean such a wholesale slaughter of young talent as is unknown in even the very worst annals of our dividend swelling. For I know that these children of Lancashire, three months after becoming half-timers, long for the day when they will leave school altogether. And they gave promise, too, were bright, keen, as ambitious even as your own daughter, whom you kissed good-bye, bless her, when she left this morning for Girton.

If I could permit myself to believe that the Government would ever condescend to listen to the half-timer's wail; if I thought that it were possible to convince the gentlemen of St. Stephen's that the boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow, and that the greater the hardships imposed upon him the keener will be his memory, I might venture to predict that this child slavery would one day have its revenge at the polling booths. And maybe if I had a megaphone sufficiently large, and a Nigerian voice, it might be possible to press the prediction home. Then Parliament perhaps would recall that its mission is to improve laws, as well as to create them. And very soon the tale of half-timing would have been told.

Think on it. Go and see the child-slaves parade. Look at them cowering before the curses of the overlookers. Then, as you gaze on the hot steam trickling down the factory walls, children trembling from excitement within a few inches of machinery that kills, and howls over it, show me where lies the good of it all.

And this afternoon I will take you to where the tired-out child slaves are sleeping.

It is not a bedroom, it is a schoolroom—a place where brains ought to be clearest, a place where brains are dullest.

"LOVE"—A DIALOGUE.

II.

NOWADAYS ADAM.

There be in love as many pains
As in the cornfields there be grains.
As many sobs of discontent
As in the nightingale's lament.
There be in love as many ills
As there be cowslips on the hills.
As many tares, as many woes,
As the blue wounded pigeon shows.
There be in love as many slights
As in a woman, dear delights.
As many sleepless, wanton dreams
As dragon flies on fishful streams.
There be as many broken vows
As crimson babes on cherry boughs;
And stings such as the bees do vent
On thieves of their establishment.
There be in love as many wounds
As bluebells born on mossy grounds.
As many tears, as many sighs,
As when a loveful spaniel dies.
I'd have my debts my friends recover,
Then for a moment be a lover.

VERA CANUTE.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROLAND HAMILTON.

BY HENRY ALLEN ASHTON.

THE ADVENTURE WITH THE COMPANY PROMOTER.

Roland Hamilton did not wake up till nearly one o'clock in the afternoon. Long slanting rays of October sunshine poured into the bedroom, and from the street came the sound of tooting motors and clattering horses' hoofs, mingled with the more subdued hubbub of human traffic. He dressed himself, and borrowed a brush and comb from the chambermaid, being, as he was, without luggage of any description. Then he went downstairs, partook of a table d'hôte luncheon, and, after obtaining possession of a so-called evening paper, ensconced himself in the same comfortable arm-chair in the smoking-room where the previous night he had overheard the compromising conversation of the three directors.

When he opened the paper, the first words that caught his eye were the scare lines: "Arrest of Two Hotel Thieves—One Caught at the Victoria; the other at Kraskati's—Clever Capture by Detective Gilby." And as a sort of sub-heading: "Police think they are none other than the two men who recently bound and gagged the young Marquis of Framlingham at the Escorial Hotel, after robbing him of cash and jewellery valued at upwards of £2,000."

Throwing the paper aside, he took from an inside pocket the note-book of Mr. Stephen Dynevor, which he had surreptitiously acquired the night before, and rapidly scanned some of its contents. A number of entries referred to company meetings, and certain names, without addresses, were written under such headings as "To see," "Deadheads," "Good for £100," "Dangerous," and so forth. There were also records of payments against sets of initials, as well as the addresses of firms in Copthall Avenue, Draper's Gardens, and Mansion House Chambers, but apparently no information likely to be of immediate use.

"Well, sitting here won't earn me five hundred pounds, or even five hundred pence," soliloquised Roland. "I must be on the track of Mr. Vansittart."

Without more ado he paid his bill, the amount being deducted from his overnight deposit, and with a jaunty step and self-confident air, quitted the hotel, and wended his way up the Strand. A constable soon told him how to get to Old Broad Street, where he would have no difficulty in finding London House.

When at last arrived there, he spent quite five minutes in glancing at the hundreds of names of firms, nearly all with "limited" after them, but though he went over the list twice, and very carefully, he failed to find the name he was looking for. On inquiring at the office (the house-keeper's box being empty) he was informed that the Aurum Gold Mining Properties, Ltd., has only just entered into possession of Mr. Throgmorton Thompson's rooms, 741 to 743, on the fifth floor, which probably accounted for the name not being printed on the door-list. A sedate young clerk, with sandy hair neatly parted in the centre, escorted him to the lift, and he was soon travelling upwards at a quicker rate than he had ever done before.

After walking a few paces along a corridor, he found himself in front of a pair of doors, the top halves of which were of glass, each containing the names of twelve different companies. Other names were also inscribed on a brass plate fixed to the lower part of the left-hand door, so there still remained space on the adjacent panel for a plate to contain the names of several new concerns. The sign-writer had evidently disappointed, for the Aurum Gold Mining Properties had to be contented with a half-sheet of foolscap and ordinary ink for a temporary name-plate.

"Mr. Vansittart in?" inquired Roland.

"This is not his office," replied a clerk.

"I was given to understand that it was," returned the questioner.

"Don't even know the name," added the clerk, "but I'll go and ask our secretary."

Presently a short, dapper little man emerged from a door marked "Secretary's Office—Private," and made his way to the counter behind which Roland stood waiting rather impatiently.

"What can I do for you, sir?" said the secretary, presumably, of the thirty odd companies.

"I want to see Mr. Vansittart on urgent private business."

"I'm sorry to say these are not his offices. Can I be of any service to you?"

"Have you anything to do with the Aurum Gold—something—Company?" asked Roland.

"These are the registered offices; I am the secretary."

"Then you can inform me where I can find Mr. Vansittart, the promoter."

"Pardon me, sir, the promoters of the Aurum Gold Mining Properties are the Great African Exploration Syndicate; the gentleman whose name you mentioned, Mr. Van—van—"

"Vansittart," put in Roland.

"Ah! yes—Mr. Vansittart—he is entirely unknown to me. In fact," added the suave secretary, "he is not even a shareholder in the syndicate, so I fear that—"

"Lord Teddington told me that I should most probably find him here."

"I am afraid his lordship has given you by mistake the wrong address. We know nothing whatever of any gentleman of that name here, but if your business is connected with the Aurum—"

"It doesn't matter," interrupted Roland. "However, I'll call again in half an hour, for Lord Teddington will then be here himself. Sorry to have troubled you. Good-day."

"Good-day, sir."

The corridor was empty, and Roland made a pretence of hurrying away, his footsteps resounding along the passage; but he quickly returned on tip-toe, and placed his ear close to the company-laden doors. He was just in time to hear the clerk call down the telephone: "89642, Gerrard," when a door a little further on opened, and out stepped Mr. Stanley Digby, who had either seen Roland's shadow on the window of his private office, which overlooked the corridor, or had heard the sound of his returning footsteps.

Roland half turned, and the two men stood face to face.

"Your clerk forgot to ask my name, so I thought it advisable to leave a card," said Roland, "and also to request the loan of a directory."

"Then step inside," requested the secretary, authoritatively, in a tone which plainly showed how annoyed he was. He would have added, "And don't play eavesdropper," if he had not been the proper sort of secretary, which he was.

As Roland re-entered, the clerk was saying through the telephone, "Hullo!—are you there?" when Mr. Stanley Digby cried in a peremptory voice: "Ring off, please."

The clerk promptly hung up the receiver.

"Here's the latest London Directory," said the secretary, adding: "Oh! by the way, what are Mr. Vansittart's initials?"

"Oh, don't trouble; I shan't bother."

"You will leave your name, then?"

"It doesn't signify," answered Roland. And out he went.

"Clever dodge that," said the clerk to the secretary, as the door closed on Roland, "but it didn't work."

"Had his ear glued to the door," said the secretary to the clerk. "I was only just in time to stop his little game."

"Think he can find Mr. 'V.', sir?"

"Not in his lifetime," laughed the secretary, going back to his office.

Roland was in the street in no time. He knew well enough that a company promoter rarely does business in his own name, for did not a learned judge declare that to call a man a company promoter was a criminal libel? A directory, therefore, would be of no use. So he sought a public telephone call office, and rang up 89642, Gerrard.

"Put the money in, please," said the telephone girl.

"Hullo!—who are you?"

"Law Courts. Are you the Lord Chancellor's office?"

"No, sir—this is Victoria House Chambers."

"What number?"

"89642, Gerrard."

"No. I mean what is the number of the office?"

"I can't see what it matters if you want the Lord Chancellor."

Roland had, however, learnt enough. He jumped into a cab, and was surprised to find himself in a very few minutes in front of the large block of City offices, a suite of which was tenanted by the man who had promoted more fraudulent, or, perhaps, it is better to say shady, concerns than any other individual in London or anywhere else.

Cyril Herbert Vansittart, financier and promoter, was responsible for the flotation of eighty-two companies. Of these nine had gone into compulsory liquidation, thirty-two had been wound up voluntarily, eight dissolved by the Registrar at Somerset House, eleven had failed to go to allotment, but were being kept alive to save registration fees for future companies of a somewhat similar nature, eighteen were in a more or less moribund condition, whilst the remaining four had actually paid dividends. The announcement of the latter event had been made with a loud flourish of trumpets in several financial organs, although certain newspapers devoted to the interests of shareholders so objected to being left out in the cold that they had perforce to discount the value of these successes by suggesting that the dividends had been paid out of capital.

Roland Hamilton had no difficulty, on inquiring, in find

ing Mr. Vansittart, even in that rabbit-warren known as Victoria House Chambers. He discovered him in the Imperial Exploration, Construction and Exploitation Corporation, Limited. It was a bold-sounding company, as became the fitness of things.

"Can I see Mr. Vansittart?"

"Have you an appointment?"

"N—o," replied Roland; "I'm afraid I haven't."

"Then you will be unable to see him," returned the clerk.

"It is Mr. Vansittart's rule never to see anyone except by appointment."

"But it is a matter of vital importance."

The clerk smiled. He had heard similar words from advertisement canvassers, seedy journalists attached to gutter-press-organs, and from the special cult of parasite which infests every shady financial office.

"I really must see him," persisted Roland.

"He won't look at your card if I take it in," asseverated the clerk. "You had better write; besides, he is very busy just now."

"I must request you to inform Mr. Vansittart that a gentleman from Lord Teddington wishes to speak with him immediately."

"Lord Teddington!" echoed the clerk, "why, he is here now."

"No, he isn't," corrected another clerk; "his lordship, Williams, Murgatroyd, and Dynevor left five minutes ago."

"How do you know?" inquired Clerk No. 1.

"I saw them all go out. I've just taken the notes of the meeting. The Aurum's going to allotment; some mug has applied for six thousand shares, and they've just had a bit of a bust-up on the strength of it."

This conversation was not meant for Roland's ears, but it reached them all the same.

"If I cannot instantly see Mr. Vansittart," cried Roland,

"Lord Teddington will resign the chairmanship of the Aurum Gold Mining Properties. Something has happened to prevent the company from going to allotment."

"Your name, sir?"

"James Archbutt," replied Roland.

Clerk No. 2 disappeared through a door at the end of the counter, and when he re-appeared it was to escort "Archbutt" to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the great one.

"Sir down, Mr. Archbutt," said Cyril Herbert Vansittart, accompanying the invitation with a majestic wave of his hand.

He was a man a little above the medium height, very stout, very florid, very dark. He was big-featured altogether. He wore a large single-stone diamond ring on the forefinger of his left hand, and a heavy-looking horseshoe pin of rubies and diamonds ornamented a showy-patterned necktie. He wore a black frock coat and a pair of lavender-coloured trousers, which set badly over a pair of patent leather, white buckskin-topped, button boots.

"I'm very sorry to have to trouble you, Mr. Vansittart, but—"

"No trouble at all, Mr. Archbutt," interrupted Mr. Vansittart, in his pompous way. "Tell me quickly what Lord Teddington wishes you to say. I am all attention."

"It is about that cheque for £750 which your secretary received to-day at London House—"

"My secretary!" ejaculated the company promoter. "I have no secretary."

"I beg your pardon," said Roland, "I mean the secretary to the Aurum—what-you-may-call-it—Company. I applied for six thousand shares yesterday, but I was drunk at the time, and I have come here—"

"Mr. Archbutt"—Cyril Herbert Vansittart had risen to his feet—"what has this to do with me? I know absolutely nothing of any transactions you may have had with any companies."

"I thought otherwise," returned Roland meekly.

"You gained entrance here under false pretences," roared Vansittart.

"I did."

"Then clear out," thundered the promoter.

"It is true I used Lord Teddington's name, because last night at the Cecil—"

"Get out of my office before you are thrown out," cried Vansittart, purple with rage.

"But what about my application for shares in the Aurum Gold Mining Properties?"

The promoter was furious.

"You practically force admittance to my private office by a trick, making an unwarrantable use of a nobleman's name before one of my clerks. Out you go. I know nothing of the Aurum Gold Company—"

"You lie," observed Roland.

"Go on," shrieked Vansittart; "what is it? Out with it—no palaver or soft soap. What's your game?"

"I wish you would not talk like that."

"No — nonsense," cried the promoter, with a terrible oath. "Is it blackmail?"

"Blackmailers be —" said Roland quietly, but the firmness in his voice was not lost on Vansittart. "I am merely going to suggest."

"Tell me it's blackmail, then it is a question for the police."

"It is a question for the police."

"Good," cried the promoter; "now we understand one another. That's what I like."

Mr. Vansittart touched an electric button, and in response a clerk entered.

"Tell Wilkins and Jordan to come here, and return yourself," he commanded.

"You don't allow smoking in your office, I believe, Mr. —"

"Shut up!" vociferated the other. "Don't utter another word till I have my witnesses. Ah! here they are," as the trio entered. "Now, fire away!"

Vansittart then turned to his clerks.

"Wilkins, take down verbatim notes of everything this man says. You two"—turning to the others—"be prepared to swear an information as to the conversation which takes place during the next five minutes."

"Where do I come in?" said Roland. "What about my witnesses?"

"These gentlemen will act in the cause of justice. Their veracity has never yet been questioned."

"Very well."

"Now, fire away. Say what you have to say, and be done with it. But remember"—and here the promoter pointed a short, fat finger at Roland—"I have warned you."

"I only wish to say that yesterday when in an unfit state of mind," began Roland, in a clear voice, holding his head well back, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, "I was induced to apply for 6,000 shares in a gold mining company, named the Aurum Gold—"

"By G—! it's as genuine a company as ever there was," interjected Vansittart.

"And pray what do you know about it?" asked Roland.

"Go on!"

"I applied for these shares on a proper form. I was supplied with a cheque-book, and made out a cheque for £750, which, of course, was only worth one penny, the face value of the embossed stamp. This was clearly a fraud on my part, which I committed unwittingly whilst under the influence of drink. As I informed you, Mr. Vansittart, this is a case for the police, but I thought I would call and see you before I gave myself up."

"What has all this to do with me?"

"Well, answered Roland, "I really don't know, except that the Aurum daren't go to allotment, and thousands of pounds have been spent in advertisements, and Mr. Stephens Dynevor, who supplied me with a false cheque, and Mr. Murgatroyd and Mr. Williams, who each gave me a five-pound note to commit the crime, will be at once arrested as my accomplices. I—"

"Gentlemen, you may go," and the clerks knowing their chief, beat a hasty retreat; Wilkins, although dropping his note-book, not daring to return and pick it up.

"The two men eyed each other unflinchingly, but Vansittart was the first to avert his head."

"That cheque and application form will stand good," said the company promoter, sitting down at his desk, and taking out a cheque-book.

He was talking now in quite a business-like manner.

"You say nothing to anyone and get back to the Midlands—yes, I know everything about last night—the price then was only a tenner. Too cheap, far too cheap. I told the others so. The figure now will be £50, and I shall make out a cheque for—"

"Five hundred."

"Man alive, it's blackmail—that's what it is. Blackmail, and nothing else."

"Now I come to think of it, I believe it is."

"For the last time," pleaded Vansittart.

He knew the strength of his antagonist, but he wanted to have a run for his money. There might be just the ghost of a chance.

"Five hundred—be quick, please. Banks close at four, but police stations remain open all night. Bearer cheque—thanks."

Within five minutes Roland Hamilton's exchequer was increased by the addition of twenty ten-pound notes, fifty five-pound notes, and fifty sovereigns.

His second adventure, like his first, which was a double one, had come off trumps.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? See page 1.

SHOULD TITLES BE TAXED?

BY RUFORT V. AMYSDL.

I.—PRELIMINARY.

The other day, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., suggested in the House of Commons that titles should be taxed. The proposal must be carried out. There is too great a scramble for titles for them to be, just yet, abolished; so, seeing that they are certainly a luxury for the few, there is no reason for their not being taxed, especially in view of the fact that a necessity of the poor like tea is taxed almost "up to the hilt."

The important proposition put forward by the editor of JOHN BULL is full of great, far-reaching possibilities of utility to a community so grossly overtaxed in other and overwhelmingly less justifiable directions. Before, however, considering this aspect of the question, let us take a not unnecessary general "glance round" the subject.

In Korea, the land of contraries, where so many odd customs (odd to us) prevail, the name that, with ourselves, is put last—namely, the surname—comes first; while what with us comes first—that is, the title ("Sir," "Lord," or what not)—with the Koreans comes last. The fact that we (and other nations) put the title first is typical and significant.

So is the tendency not to be satisfied with one title. There is extant a set of humorous verses intitled (I believe) "The Man of Many Titles." The lines make comical allusion to the numerous titles possessed by a certain Spanish don. If his donship had more titles than are boasted by many an Englishman, he may be forgiven. Take, for instance, the Duke of Atholl. In addition to his dukedom, this nobleman has no fewer than five earldoms, two marquises, three viscounties, and eight baronies—in all nineteen coronets. But he is not satisfied. In 1902 he unsuccessfully put in a claim to the Lord Chamberlainship of England.

Again, a few years ago Lord Lansdowne could—and did—allude to himself thus (and notice the "etc., etc., etc.," modestly indicating that the list was anything but complete). No wonder someone described the description as a "staggerer," and questioned whether the noble lord could "say it right off, without a book of the words":—

"We," wrote Lord Lansdowne, "Henry Charles Keith Petty FitzMaurice, Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Wycombe, Viscount Coln and Colnstone and Lord Wycombe, Baron of Chipping Wycombe, Baron Nairne, Earl of Kerry and Earl of Shelburne, Viscount Clanmaurice and Fitzmaurice, Baron of Kerry, Linnan, and Dunkerron, a Peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, a Member of His Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, etc., etc., His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—"

As we can imagine one of our worthy costermonger friends exclaiming, "If all that lot ain't worth a tax, tell me wot is!"

Half-a-dozen years ago Rear-Admiral William Henry May, M.V.O., Controller of the Navy, presented his report on the "Hyacinth v. Minerva" boiler trial. Reference to the report appeared first in the press on a certain Sunday in August; and with, apparently, one consent, the papers assigned the report to "Mr. W. H. May." Sticklers for titular propriety were shocked and horrified. Yet the blunder had historical precedent—even justification. In the days of "Good Queen Anne," Admiral May would have been described—not only in the periodicals, but in the official lists—accurately just as those Sunday papers described him erroneously. In short, he would have been referred to as "Mr. W. H. May."

The custom continued until at least the time of George III. True, "Esquire" had crept in, and was applied in commissions to officers of field rank in the Army, or of equivalent rank in the Navy. Nevertheless, for senior officers "Mr." survived until we were well into, if not through, the "long wars." The old books at the War Office containing the records of the War of the Revolution and of Queen Anne's time, habitually refer to the general officers who were commoners as "Mr." A general officer who was a peer is alluded to as—e.g.—"the Duke of Marlborough" or "the Earl of Peterborough." But one who had already attained knighthood was called "Mr.," with abbreviation of his title following his name—as "Mr. Solent Culloden Jones, K.B." Even John Churchill, in his ante-Blenheim days, was spoken of as "Mr."

Titled folks are more particular nowadays. On having their pound of flesh—or, rather, of homage—they insist. Than by omitting to address them with full regard for

their social position, you cannot insult them more. True, the Earl of Radnor, when elected Mayor of Folkestone, said he wished to be called simply "Mr. Mayor." Years before, too, the Earl of Rosebery, on being elected first Chairman of the London County Council, tacitly acquiesced in the members addressing him as "Mr. Chairman." (*Punch*, at the time, in a cartoon *à propos*, called him "Mister Rosebery.") While, I say, these facts cannot be set aside, they indicate only exceptions to the rule.

Still greater exceptions to that rule are those titled persons who not only do not insist on receiving their full titular "rights" when addressed, but go so far as to—as it has been expressed—"detach the handle from their names." There are several who have done this. Five years ago, one of them was dragging out a "sad-coloured existence in a Bloomsbury boarding-house." He was a baronet, who was blamelessly estranged from his relatives. In the daytime he figured on a humble office-stool in the City. One who knew him wrote: "Many a City promoter . . . would gladly hand him some investor's capital in exchange for his name appearing on the front page of a prospectus; but my friend (if he will allow me to call him so) absolutely refuses to speculate his honoured name; though he is little indebted to it himself save for wormwood and bitterness of spirit."

Notwithstanding the fact, however, that there are those who drop their title (and no one could advocate the taxation of titles that were unused), it has to be said that scarcely ever has a title been abandoned where there have been the means to "keep up its dignity." Titles are only relinquished, as a rule, under stress of pecuniary difficulty. And even then they are only dropped because it is easier to be poor without them than with them. Moreover, as a matter of fact, the title is not relinquished at all. Only its use is foregone—and only this for a time. Once circumstances render the resumption of its employment advisable or easily possible—hey, presto!—away goes "plain Mr." and back comes "Lord" or what not.

Talking, by the way, of titles allowed to lapse (at any rate for a time) reminds me of a report that was current some years ago. It was to the effect that the young men of Oxford University had requested their friends to address their letters "Mr." instead of "Esq.," as the latter had become so common. On this rumour reaching a certain comic writer, he lucubrated as follows:—

"Tom Brown at Oxford has dropped the 'Esquire,'

So many mean folk to the title aspire.

He's written off home to his mother and sister

That in future his letters must be addressed 'Mr.'

To avoid being common this plan won't suffice—

Where you find 'Esq.' once, you see 'Mr.' twice.

If he be consistent he'll pare his name down,

And insist on being called by the simple word 'Brown'!"

With the validity or otherwise of the contention of our comic friend I am not here concerned. I only desire to remark that, should the titles taxed ever include "Esq.," it would be only in accordance with the dictates of bare justice to restrict the incidence of the taxation to men who had previously notified the authorities that they were desirous of being addressed by the title. Otherwise, there would be fine scope and sport for one's enemies. They would only have to send us one or a series of anonymous letters with, on the envelope, "Esq." following our name, for us to have to pay the tax—and perhaps be mulcted in a fine into the bargain!

No; it would never do. Our watchword, should the taxing of "Esq." get *sur le tapis*, would have to be: "Taxation without prior acquiescence is robbery!" For, in the absence of the rule for which I plead, we should be in danger not only from those who wished to dishonour us, but—worse—from those who wished to do us honour. Consider the case made public not long ago. A railway-traveller, finding the second-class carriages too crowded, decided to change his season-ticket for a first-class one. He was immediately "promoted" by the big railway company whom he patronised. Whereas the second-class ticket had been printed, "Pass Mr.," the first-class "season" read, "Pass —, Esq.!"

In view of this occurrence, and of the fact that one's forgetful friends, desirous only of "doing us honour," would always be liable to address us as "Esq.," even against our expressed wish to the contrary—in view of all this, I say, I need not, I am sure, labour the point that, should "Esq." as well as other titles be taxed, the only solution to the "Esq." difficulty would be the adoption of a rule that I may outline as follows:—

A man "Esq.'d" against his will
Must be looked on as "Mr." still!

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

It may mean Five Pounds for you this week.
See page 1.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

NIGGERS AND OTHERS.

Heaven forbid that I should ever be called upon to decide when ha'penny papers disagree, especially when the papers in question are of such indisputable veracity as the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily News*. Those two great journals have been arguing on a problem that may or may not be as important as they seem to imagine—the question of whether the seaside entertainment of the future will be given by white pierrots or black niggers. The *Mirror* started the game by declaring that people were tiring of the pierrot (and pierrette) which I hope is the case; and that therefore the pierrot was by way of being replaced by the burnt-cork artiste. An alarming picture of the decay of the talent in pipe-clay and cheap calico followed on an ingenious theory of the origin of the pierrot—a theory based on the astonishing supposition that the first pierrot was an unemployed actor, who did not care to blacken his face. The pathos of the picture was striking, until one's own common sense protested that it could not possibly be true. Everybody else having already realised the absolute grotesqueness of the yarn, the editor of the *Daily News* got upon its track, and called witnesses to the unfounded nature of the *Mirror's* assertion. For the *Daily News* is nothing if not enterprising, and is dead-nuts always on the imaginative reporters of the rival shows.

PUNCH AND PIER-ROT.

Now, personally, I prefer "Punch and Judy," which is one of the oldest and best-made melodramas in the world, rather than the average nigger troupe or pierrot combination. Therefore, I should not weep were both the nigger and the pierrot to cease to be the lamentably common object of the sea-shore they are at present. The only nigger troupe I ever saw that really amused me was (and is) composed of members of the London police, and goes about burnt-corking itself in aid of the Police Orphanage. Nor can I recall many pierrot combinations that have added materially to my natural gaiety. The "Follies," of course, are the exceptions to the rule of pierrotic deadliness, and I have vague recollections of "Musketeers" and "Stars" and "Sabots" that are not quite so bad as they might be. Also I remember seeing Mr. W. H. Berry, now one of Mr. George Edwardes' excellent band of comedians, singing as a pierrot at Broadstairs long before he came to the London Pavilion, and afterwards to the Prince of Wales' and Daly's Theatres.

FROM HALLS TO BEACH.

If all pierrots were, like these and a few others, organised by Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and one or two less known managements in the same line, I should be more elated than I am to learn on the highest authority that the number of pierrot companies is growing larger each year, and that they now outnumber the niggers by twelve to one. For myself, I vote still for the tragi-comedy of "Punch" rather than for the off-scourings of the halls one so frequently finds fobbing themselves off upon defenceless sea-siders as pierrots, with their impudent flashy "style," their tenth-rate voices, stolen gags, and pirated songs. No doubt, until we grow more civilised there will be a remunerative demand for inferior variety entertainments by the sad sea waves, just as there is for similar horrors at 'Ampstead and other places where the common people go in gangs to "enjoy" themselves. But one hopes against hope yet to see the day when the "Pipes of Pan, the Punch and Judy man," will once more call to worship the young in years and spirit, whilst the more sophisticated victim of the resort advertisement will be provided with real music and real fun.

THE YANKEE DRAMA.

Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's contribution to the summer number of the *Smart Set*—a remarkable shilling's worth—on "The Abounding American," is capital reading. It is worthy of Jim Crow at his breeziest. We do not look to the author of "The Unspeakable Scot" for a faithful and detailed picture of the Yank of the period, for Mr. Crosland is an Impressionist with a bludgeon, who goes about assassinating with wild swipes the cherished ideals of national pride. But "The Abounding American" contains 90 per cent. of truth all the same, and we thank Mr. Crosland for this, the while we deprecate the needless violence of utterance that here and there may prejudice the acceptance of his gospel. His chapter on the Drama is marred by several inaccuracies and some rather trite nonsense; but it has the root of the matter in it, nevertheless. I was talking the other day to a wealthy and cultured and widely-travelled Australian, who is so singularly free from Antipodean-bias as to like the Japanese. He had just returned from the United States. "What did you think of America?" I asked

him. "I was glad to get out of it," he said. "It's a noisy, shallow, half-baked sort of country." These are exactly the characteristics of the average American play of commerce, too, and Mr. Crosland deals with it faithfully in a very able analysis. "The Americans are nothing if not fiercely and incorrigibly theatrical," he says, with simple truth, and to be "theatrical" is not necessarily to be dramatic.

PLAYS WHILE YOU WAIT.

"The American public prides itself upon the rapidity with which the national dramatists can turn out almost any species of dramatic work to order. On the production of a five-act tragedy recently in New York, it was announced that the author had written the whole contraption in under the twenty-four hours. I can well believe it. The majority of American plays that come to us this side bear unmistakable indications of having been written in haste, and with a single eye to getting through the labour." That is merely the fact, and it explains completely why—unless played by English star actors and actresses, who appeal to us through their personal charm or power—they "fail woefully to interest us." We are used to better things, and I shall be surprised if most of the "close-to-the-soil" pieces made in America which Mr. W. A. Brady promises to bring over next year do even so well as "Strongheart" did. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has flourished chiefly because, whilst novel in setting, it is not essentially American either in idea or construction. "On the whole," says Mr. Crosland, "I think America will have to make some very serious strides in the dramatic art before she can fairly hope to show England anything that is worth looking at." This, broadly speaking, is the case, despite Mr. Charles Frohman's ludicrous statement that American dramatists are the only playwrights who to-day are writing pieces containing genuine human feeling; and Mr. William Archer's recent eulogies of American plays, as "Alabama," "Arizona," "The Dictator," "On the Quiet," "The Lion and the Mouse," and even "The Last of his Race," were all "worth looking at." But it remains true that most American plays are sloppy in sentiment, egregious in characterisation, badly phrased, and as wretchedly constructed as the van-and-tent melodramas of our childhood. America is raw yet, and one of the rawest things in her is her drama. Mr. Crosland does well to make incision in it.

CAN YANKEES ACT?

I think better of the American actor and actress than Mr. Crosland does, and I am almost entirely at variance with his attack on the American variety "artiste." But there is something in his idea that if all men had their deserts nine Yankee actors out of ten (when in England, where we know acting when we see it) should carry protective netting. "The rule is," declares Mr. Crosland, "that the American actor who plays Shakespeare is a bull-necked, unlettered mummer, who has served his apprenticeship to the circus business or the plumbing, and roars out Shakespeare's lines with a nasal intonation and an absolute lack of understanding." This is an amiable exaggeration, of course, but I am convinced that all American actors would be well-advised to leave the Bard alone in England, even especially gifted American actors like Mr. E. H. Sothern—whom Mr. Crosland possibly may decline (not entirely without reason) to regard as an American actor at all. There are many things they do not do so well in the United States as we do here, and Shakespearean acting is one of them. As to the other sorts of acting, although our own players can beat the Yankees in every type and variety, Mr. Crosland is too indiscriminate of condemnation. Mr. Collier and Mr. Breese—to mention only two American actors familiar to London—are real and sincere artistes whom we are happy always to welcome among us. For that "snap" in American acting which is so blatantly praised by some of our London critics I have no admiration. More often than not it is a tiresome defect rather than a dramatic virtue. The Germanic regimentation of the American chorus I like still less. But, above all, I loathe the characteristic noise and bustle of most American plays—musical and otherwise. Among English author-managers Mr. Seymour Hicks has adapted himself most completely to the newly-imported slap-bang method, in which, I regret to say, there seems to be money here as across the water. p.

What is Your Number?

It may mean Five Pounds for you,

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHL.

XX.—LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Sir James Crichton-Browne is a sort of Reich of the medical profession. You never know when he will break out in a fresh place. But you always know that he is bent on frightening you into or out of something.

The occasion of his latest out was the International School Congress at South Kensington, and he begged to enlist the attention of two thousand odd delegates while he discoursed, among other things, of the psychology of love at first sight. Now love at first sight is not a cold, dispassionate thing. You cannot put it into a syllogism, or measure it with a foot-rule. You catch it at all ages. It may come to you at fourteen, or twenty-four, or when you are bald-headed, or while you have one foot in the grave and the other in a dancing shoe. It may come when you have just got over the measles, or just finished seven whiskies and sodas. You meet a girl with her golden hair all hanging down her back, or heaped up on the top of her head, or twisted up in the nape of her neck, and instantaneously a feeling comes over you that she is your fate. Or there comes your way a widow with six children, or one with a terrace of houses, or one with a past, a present, and a future, and you know at once that you must marry the lady or be for ever lost. You may love her for her beauty, or for the gleam in her eye, or for the nice way she does her hair. The reason, however, matters not. You do not analyse it. You do not pause in your wild career to think. Your heart thuds under your waistcoat. The blood in your veins is liquid fire. That is love at first sight as I understood it at seventeen, twenty-two, and forty-nine. Then I went and married some other girl.

But Sir James Crichton-Browne does not see it that way. He says love at first sight is (1) a species of cerebral commotion, and (2) the stirring of some hitherto dormant association centres by an appropriate affinitive impression. I take it that this is presented as the language of axiomatic science, the terminology of psychological exactitude; and since mind reacts on body, it would, if it were true, involve a vast deal of physiological trouble. It is necessary to point out, however, that in postulating love at first sight as a problem of mind, Sir James Crichton-Browne is wholly at variance with the profound scholar who defined it as something which tickles you so much that you do not know where to scratch it.

A species of cerebral commotion, forsooth! What has the brain to do with first love? Its *sine qua non*—pray excuse me—its whole focus and epitome, its essential essence and bouquet are its complete and unutterable lack of any kind of brain whatsoever; and where there is no brain, I respectfully submit that there can be no cerebral disturbance. To fall in love at first sight is to be pitifully and plentifully lacking in brain—and I shall save acute and facetious persons trouble by at once admitting that this is one against me. But, then, also, it is one against almost everybody else. If people who fall in love at first sight were endowed at the time with the usual cerebral apparatus, they would not fall. They would sit down slowly and work out the girl with the golden hair or the widow with the liquid eye as a postulate of logic and a proposition of finance. No doubt this would cause the cerebral commotion of which Sir Crichton-Browne speaks. No brain, no cerebral commotion. That is axiomatic. Brain has no more to do with love at first sight than with lollipop.

I am not quite sure whether Sir James Crichton-Browne wishes it to be understood that in love at first sight the cerebral commotion is dependent on the stirring of the dormant association centres by an appropriate affinitive impression, or that the stirring of the dormant association centres is dependent on the cerebral commotion. For all I know he may have backed the proposition both ways. But I have given reasons for my belief that Cerebral Commotion stands no chance as a winner. Does it sound practicable, does it seem reasonable, that at the sight of a girl or a widow in high heels and tremendous feathers, a man will start stirring his hitherto dormant associations with an appropriate affinitive impression? As a matter of fact, to keep to the terminology of this abstruse but thrilling subject, nothing is more obvious in love at first sight than that the auricular and ventricular movement of the systolic and diastolic apparatus runs completely away with the convoluted process of the whole occipital, parietal, frontal, temporal, sphenoid, and ethmoid area of the brain case. Or, to express this great thought in the common language of the street, the heart runs away with the head, and this is why love at first sight is so often such a beautiful dream, and the marriage which follows it such an awakening.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Prime Minister.

Dear "C.-B."—Excuse the familiarity, but we all call you that. Just as we always called Lord Beaconsfield "Dizzy," and Bradlaugh "Charlie"; and as we call Chamberlain "Joey," and Burns "John," and Churchill "Winston." When a public man comes to be known by his initials, or one of his names, or a popular abbreviation of it, be sure he has "caught on." And, however much men differ as to your political merits, all are agreed that you are the most lovable and estimable of men. But to-day I want a word in your ear, as Prime Minister. We shall soon be separating for the holidays, and you have very wisely determined not to call us together again till the spring. That will give us all time to think.

And there is much to think about. You have been in office for nearly two years. Not a long period, truly; but the public have an awkward and unreasonable knack of periodically taking political stock. They begin with that nasty item "Chinese slavery." They count the "slaves," and find there are many thousands more of them than when you took the business over. True, the old heading has been scratched out, and "Terminological Inexactitude" has been substituted. That was a year ago, and now they are asked to transfer the item to "Suspense Account" for another year—whilst Mr. Botha deals with it. Well, let that pass. Then they turn to Old Age Pensions. That was put to "Suspense Account" last year, and Heaven knows there is a pathos in the phrase! Now the account is to be credited with "the commencement of a nucleus"—and, like "Terminological Inexactitude," the words stick in the throat. As Dizzy would have said, they are the language of the sophisticated rhetorician—sobered by the exuberance of electioneering mendacity. They turn to Taxation, and find no relief. They look for Financial Reform, and find that our Consols, in which they have invested their savings, are falling steadily in market value. They look up "Education" and "Ireland," and discover nothing but muddle and discord—whilst under the letter "J" they find Jobs galore!

Can you wonder that in these circumstances the Man with the Vote begins to tire of Party politics?

And yet I admit you have been sorely handicapped. You have had to carry the Nonconformist Conscience on your back, and, in addition, you have tried the impossible task of blending Democracy with a strong Whig solution. Throw the Nonconformist Conscience overboard—it is a sickly, unmanly thing; whilst, as to the constitution of your Cabinet, make up your mind to be either all-red, or all-blue. We still have a House of Lords; so just kick half a dozen of your colleagues up there, and replace them with twentieth-century men—men of business, men of the world.

Heed my advice, and then, with the aid of the Second Ballot, the Liberal party, shorn of its Grundies and Stigginses, and Chadbands, may secure a long lease of power. Disregard it, and Tariff Reform or Socialism—or, perchance, an amalgam of the two—will drive you out into the wilderness, whence you will never return.

JOHN BULL.

To Pete Curran, M.P.

Dear Pete,—Are you and T. F. Richards, M.P., looking for trouble, or what? I ask the question because I note that you have been telling tales out of school. Recently you informed one of your audiences that one of the things for which the House of Commons was remarkable was inebriety among its members; to put the matter in plain language, that several members were in the habit of appearing in the House while drunk. Richards took up the parable at a demonstration of Welsh miners on Bank Holiday, and boldly put the hat on a Welsh member of Parliament as one of the drunks. "It is a burning shame," said Richards, "that

a leader of men should constantly go to the House of Commons under the influence of drink, and if he does not stop it I shall name him."

Now, I do not make it a practice of interfering with other people's entertainments in the House or out of it, otherwise, out of pure good nature and philanthropy, I should warn the hon. member of the fate in store for him if he did not cease to look upon the wine when it is red and the whisky when it is Buchanan's best. I am bound to add, however, that, personally speaking, I would rather see some members drunk than hear them talk. I also venture to add that, if more members habitually got speechless drunk, the House of Commons would habitually do more business. Indeed, with the interests of this great nation at heart, I would gladly liquor up a good half of the House at my own expense, early and often, if the members on my private list would accept my hospitality. Then I would boldly take a peerage for priceless national services.

Of course, my dear Pete, I am not saying that, in the abstract, you and Richards are not justified of your protests. But I do not think the show should be given away in public. What you allege has been alleged before—also outside the House; and if I were distressed with your convictions on the iniquity of unstable equilibrium within the precincts, I should not think out loud, but I should go up to each drunk in turn, tap him on the shoulder, or draw him aside by one of his coat buttons, and say, "Look here, old boy. You are on the razzle-dazzle. You have been out in the sun, and are three sheets in the wind, top-heavy, and inclined to heel over. Look thou no more upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Shall I call a policeman to guide you to a hansom, with instructions to deposit you in the bosom of your family; will you do it yourself, or shall I arise in the sacred chamber and say, 'Mr. Speaker, Sir, the honourable member for Baccusby is at this moment unduly drunk, incapable of standing for any constituency or of performing his laborious and exacting duties, and inclined to repose on the floor of the House. I beg therefore to submit his interesting case to the august consideration of this great, glorious, and unrivalled assembly?'"

It is not for me to say what the hon. member would do in that case. He might hit you, challenge you to a duel, invite you into the smoking-room to take additional refreshment with him, or make immediate tracks for outside in a condition of undignified reserve. However matters might turn out, you would have discharged your conscience of a weighty burden, and given the hon. member a chance of making the best of the knowledge that he was observed, found out, and completely discovered. As the poet has it—

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,

Help to make earth happy, like the heaven above."

Let us be kind, my dear Pete, even if we are teetotal.

I do not further enlarge on this excruciating subject. I wish to save my country from these painful revelations. I want to see the troubles of the family settled quietly in the family. You may say it is a painful thought that the House of Commons cannot carry its liquor like a gentleman; the inebriety of a gentleman being but a delicate suggestion aroused by an aroma of cloves. It may be; but it will be still more painful if you and Richards wash its dirty linen in public places. Pray give these weighty thoughts your high consideration.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—You may show this letter to Richards.

DEAR MADAM (OR SIR),

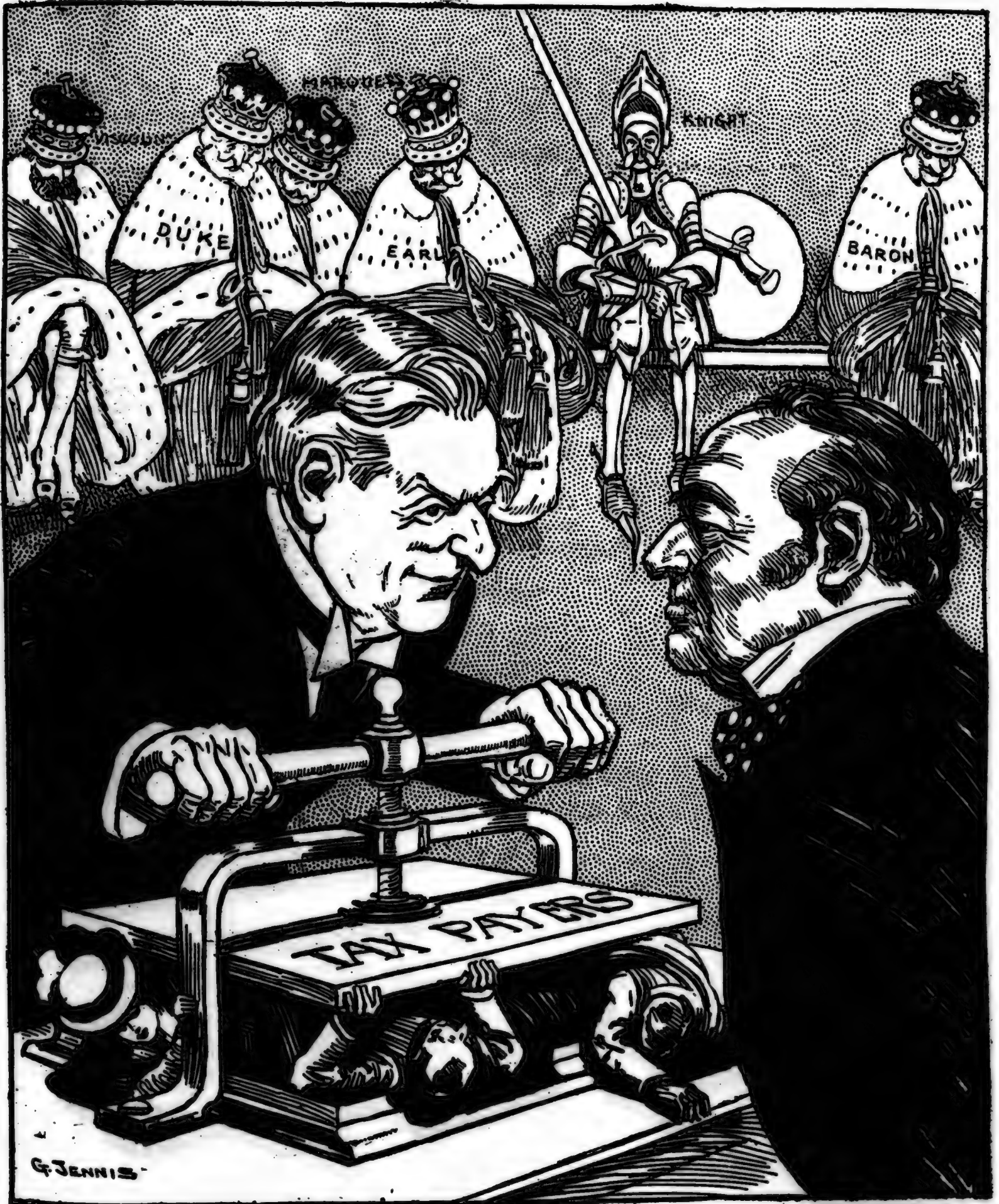
May I send you some specimen copies of JOHN BULL for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?

Yours respectfully,

THE PUBLISHER.

4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

SHOULD TITLES BE TAXED?



JOHN BULL: "WHY NOT SQUEEZE SOMETHING OUT OF THOSE TITLES, EH, ASQUITH?"

IN THE CITY.

WARING AND GILLOW.

SALUTARY EFFECT OF OUR CRITICISM.

We have before us the report and somewhat belated accounts of Waring and Gillow, Ltd., for the year ended December 31 last, and we are delighted to see that the searching criticism to which we subjected last year's balance-sheet has borne good fruit. We no longer have "Freehold and leasehold properties, including properties in course of erection, and investments of the company held in respect thereof, but subject to mortgages or other prior charges, plant, machinery, fixtures, fittings, and goodwill" all lumped together in one grand item of over a million and a half; but a valuation of the Freeholds and Leaseholds by Messrs. Dunn, Soman and Coverdale, with the exact amount of the mortgages disclosed and deducted, and separate totals under the other heads of the comprehensive paragraph we have quoted. We should like to know the exact provision which has been made for doubtful debts upon the somewhat startling figure of £800,000 standing to the credit of this item—an increase of £300,000 over last year's figure. In the absence of a Profit and Loss Account, it is impossible to say what percentage this sum represents upon the Company's turnover; but when it is pointed out that it amounts to more than five times the year's profit, shareholders will realise the importance of adequate provision being made. We note with satisfaction that "Cash and Investments (less Loans)" now appears as a detailed item, showing a surplus of upwards of 50 per cent. over the loans. But the most satisfactory feature of all is that "Goodwill" now figures, for the first time, as a separate item—amounting to approximately £580,000—equivalent to three and a half years' purchase, and represented by the deferred shares of the Company, allotted to the vendors, and upon which no dividends have so far been paid.

Turning to the other side of the balance-sheet, we notice that nothing is said as to the form in which the "Reserve Fund" of £145,000 is invested. We have no faith in Reserve Funds which are employed for the general purposes of a business. A Reserve should be something capable of being called into service at short notice, and the directors would be well advised in endeavouring to ear-mark some specific assets for the satisfaction of this item. Whilst it is satisfactory to observe that all the Oxford Street preliminary opening expenses have been discharged out of Revenue, and that £10,000 is being written off against the "Preliminary Expenses," we should have preferred that the directors should have written off the whole of this purely fictitious asset. It is idle to talk of a Reserve Fund so long as such an item appears on the credit side of the balance-sheet.

Turning to the auditor's certificate, we also congratulate Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. upon having taken our admonitions to heart. We no longer have the sinister qualification that "the balance-sheet is properly drawn up *subject to the values of the investments being as stated*," although there is a perfectly legitimate intimation that the certificate must be read in conjunction with their report to the shareholders, to be submitted to the meeting.

Having said so much, we congratulate the Company upon its improved outlook. At the same time we are satisfied that the course now adopted by the

directors and auditors constitutes the fullest possible justification of our past attitude towards the Company; and if there should still remain in the minds of the shareholders any feeling of soreness on account of the strictures we felt it our duty last year to pass upon the conduct of their business, we hope they will remember that in no small degree is due to us the credit for the improvement which has been effected, and which we hope may continue. It is no part of our policy, and never will be, to play the rôle of wreckers.

TOTTENHAM ASSESSMENTS AND RAILWAY COMPANIES.

We have received the following. It deals with a question of much importance to North London:—

Both the London and North-Western Railway Company and the Midland must have suffered some anxious moments when the first reading of their 1907 Bills came before Parliament; the one on political questions for subscribing to a municipal association, the other on account of a derelict canal.

But if a lively debate cropped up on matters purely political and municipal, what might be said about an injustice extending over forty years, in which the poor of Tottenham and neighbourhood have suffered at the hands of these and other trunk or main line railways, to the extent of many thousands, and even tens of thousands, sterling?

I refer to the Tottenham and Hampstead Railway which was authorised in 1862, on a preamble that it would be of "great local and public advantage" to connect the lines of railways now known as the Great Eastern with the Great Northern, the London and North-Western, and Midland Companies. Parliament gave no uncertain dictum; then, and in the later Acts it authorised this line under the express condition that the company should make these works and connections, and there is no doubt that this line (the T. and H.) and the powers in existence at the present day, are evidently on sufferance from the Board of Trade, a Board formed many years ago expressly for the purpose of seeing the wishes of Parliament carried out. Now if the Tottenham enactment was not properly carried out, who is to blame? The wire-pulling railway combinations, or the Board (or their officials) who were responsible for seeing the wishes of Parliament duly enacted?

By sections 23 to 44 of the Tottenham and Hampstead Act (Vic. 25, 26, cap. 200) Parliament provides for an alternative route (to the North London Line) as between several trunk lines, in which the public was to have an advantage of at least 1s. per ton, and the public served by the old-named Northern and Eastern Railway relied on the word and faith of their Parliamentary representatives, and never dreamt that such a Board for more than forty years could permit three or four powerful railway amalgamations to throttle the intended Tottenham Junction line for their own ends. The old Northern and Eastern line is now known as the Cambridge main line of the Great Eastern Railway. Let us refer to a station on it, say, Edmonton, Angel Road. It will be found that the traffic to Hornsey, a station on the Great Northern main line, is forwarded via Stratford, and over the North London line via Canonbury or St. Pancras Junctions, and that the charges are more than double what they would be over the Tottenham and Hampstead line, via Harringay.

By route agreements, and other inter-arrangements (quite opposed to the 1863 and other working Acts), the traffic is forced round via Stratford, and over the costly North London line. The main object and result is to throttle the local industries in favour of those country and foreign traders whose traffic gives the trunk lines a longer lead or haul. In the case of the London and North-Western Company (who are also interested in the capital and working of the North London line) a further injustice is inflicted on the long-suffering public. For instance, traffic between Edmonton and Hampstead is worked round from Hackney to Willesden, and back again to Hampstead, and the maximum for the entire route is charged for, as will be seen from the amount of this rate for Class A traffic, viz.:—3s. 2½d. per ton, whereas, if the Tottenham line were used, the charges would be less than half that amount.

Parliament appears to be very jealous of its privileges and its honour, and after reading the debates on the Birmingham and Oxford Junction Railway, in the House of Lords, in 1847, anent the action of certain officials connected with the London and Birmingham Railway (now the London and North-Western Railway), one would hardly credit that it was the same Legislature which has submitted tamely to be thwarted for forty years on a case that, as regards competition is almost parallel. Indeed, even the railway K.C.'s have twitted Parliamentary Committees on this fiasco.

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Let us analyse the evidence on the London Outer Circle Bill of last year as a case in point. There, even the counsel who represented the North London and North-Western lines actually reminded the Committee that Parliament had not properly looked after the public interests with regard to these Harringay and Gospel Oak connections; further, the evidence of at least one of the trunk line managers conclusively proves that the Tottenham and Hampstead line, instead of being worked for "local and public advantage," is being mainly used "toll free," or very nearly "toll free," to convey Midland goods traffic to the docks and other traffic centres, such as Bow, for instance; and, to enable the Midland Company to do this the Tottenham ratepayers are compelled to make good the loss occasioned in the Poor Law and other assessments. If any doubt exists as to this statement, let it be ascertained what contribution per ton-mile is made to the assessments of Tottenham parish on traffic passing over the Tottenham and Hampstead line, and it will be found to average a very, very small fraction of 1d. per ton-mile. The gross earnings on merchandise traffic was given to Sir George Doughty's Committee by the Midland managers as £104 per week per mile only, but the tonnage was partially withheld and wholly misleading. Clearly then, if a large figure is taken off for working expenses per train mileage, there remains nothing to meet the general expenditure, and the Tottenham trader, whose very industry has been sacrificed to make room for this low-paying, or, rather, non toll-paying, traffic, has to make good the loss on the rates.

To emphasise this point, for the two miles of line in Tottenham parish, the Tottenham and Hampstead Joint Committee are only assessed on £660 per annum, or, say, about £330 per mile, yet the Midland manager in the evidence admitted an average of £225 per mile per week for passengers, in addition to the £87 goods and £17 minerals (coal). For a similar distance in the same parish, the Northern Eastern section of the Great Eastern is assessed at about thirteen times as much, and from the evidence produced against the Outer Circle Bill it is obvious that if we only take one million tons of traffic as the gross tonnage passing over the Tottenham line, the average earning must be only a fraction of a 1d. per ton per mile, while some of the local traders pay 3d. or 4d. per ton per mile.

It appears to me that the Municipal Reform Association might have advantageously spent some of that £200 subscribed in joining the Board of Trade to compel the railways to comply with their statutory requirements, and also to give that justice to small traders so artfully and effectively neutralised by section 2 of the 1894 Act.

To deliberately divert and destroy local industries in favour of country and foreign trade, and then practically to compel the local trader to pay the local rates (or a portion thereof) on his rival's traffic—which is carried at preferential rates and charges—is somewhat startling. As a proof that what I say is correct, take Edmonton again—Class A traffic to Hornsey G.N. The charges *via* Hackney and over the North London line amount to 2s. 10d., but of this amount a very small fraction indeed is contributed to the Tottenham Parish (or Edmonton Union), whereas if the traffic were sent by its natural route, the traders' charges would be less than half, or, say, 1s. 4d. per ton, and the full gross amount of 1s. 4d. per ton as earnings or rent would be contributed to the Edmonton Union assessment. There are millions of tons passing over the Tottenham and Hampstead line, on which the Edmonton Union of ratepayers have to make good a loss brought about by secret agreements, which are undoubtedly opposed to the principles of the 1863 and other general Acts. But why are these agreements withheld from the Committees and Parliament, as they were in the evidence before the Outer Circle Committee? Were the companies afraid, or ashamed, of exposing their 40 years of cleverness and duplicity? The answer to the chairman's question on June 18, 1906 (7714), is definite, far more definite than I should care to express under oath, with the facts of the Edmonton and Fletton brick trade before me. Mr. Granet's (of the Midland Company) answer was, "No, the public do not get affected in any way whatever; the public have to pay the same whatever route it comes by." The Board of Trade, from complaints made to them, know that it is not so, and that local traders are even charged on double running between Tottenham to Stratford. Then why should the county and foreign traders go through free, or nearly free, over the same portion of line? I say it is a positive scandal now that small traders are afraid to appeal to the Railway Commissioners, and any real effort of the Board of Trade at conciliation is laughed at.

Within the seventeen weeks ended June 17 last, thirty-nine Japanese bahks were subjected to runs, and twelve were

obliged to close their doors. It is true that these banks were very small concerns from a European point of view, and that some of them were working upon a capital of not more than £10,000, but they were important in Japanese eyes, and their collapse, and the enormous depreciation in Japanese gilt-edged securities that has occurred during the last six months, are sufficient to warn British investors that however enterprising the Japanese may be, and however heroic the measures adopted by their Government, and approved by them, for the extinction of the War Debt, the financial position in Japan is a very unstable one.

Our Johannesburg correspondent sends us the important information of a vast scheme to induce the Herero people, numbering some half million souls, to migrate from German South-West Africa to the Transvaal. If that can be brought about, and the Hereros prove good underground workers, the mining industry will be locally independent of Portuguese sources of supply, an independence that would have a most important bearing upon what is becoming the burning question of Federation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONTINENTAL MUNICIPAL BONDS.—E. W. M. (Aberdeen).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

CHARGING CROSS BANK.—P. (Walsall).—We never advise depositing with those who offer 10 per cent. interest.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—ENQUIRER (Chatham).—Better have nothing to do with the people you name.

CHARTERED TRUST AND AGENCY.—O. B. D. (Chester).—We cannot advise you to put your £50 into this concern.

INSURANCE OF LIFE.—W. H. D. (Nottingham).—We shall be glad to answer your question if you will send us some more particulars as to the kind of policy you want.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE COMPANY, LIMITED.—W. B. (Bath).—The surrender value named is about what is generally offered, and we should be inclined to take it.

NATIONAL EXPLOSIVE, LIMITED.—W. T. K. (Walthamstow).—We should cut the loss.

INDIA 3½ PER CENT.—J. L. (Richmond).—You have omitted to send us your address. Please do so. As to India Three-and-a-half per Cent., we fear that in the present state of things in India, Indian Securities are more likely to go down than up. As to the purchase of an annuity, we shall be glad to give you the particulars you want, if you will tell us whether you want an annuity pure and simple, or one which, in the event of an early death, would allow a part of the capital being returned to your executors.

TWO COMPANIES.—N. D. P. (Aberdeen).—They are both 30 per cent. concerns.

BRITISH HOMES CERTIFICATES.—J. F. (Leicester).—We note that you have a certificate on which you have paid £48 10s., and that you have bonus notes to the value of £1 10s. You wish to dispose of the certificate for the "best offer."

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, LTD.—INDIGNANT (Bow).—You seem to have been harshly treated, but we cannot go into a disputed commission account. If you have been improperly charged, you have your remedy in the county court.

TWO MINING SHARES.—F. O. (Rotherham).—We cannot advise you to add to your holding in either of these shares.

SALE OF CONSOLS.—ANXIOUS (Fulham).—We see no likelihood of any appreciable rise in Consols. Probabilities point the other way.

THE BRITISH OAK HOUSE PURCHASE AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.—PAT (Glasgow).—We think not.

VANDERBROOKS.—CYCRO (Willesden).—(1) We do not think you have gone far wrong in buying these new shares. The company is very prosperous. (2) We should avoid motor cab shares just now, although the two companies you name have fair prospects; but the whole business is at such a speculative stage that there is exceptional risk in putting money into it.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—J. W. M. D. (Portland).—We do not recommend outside brokers, and strongly advise you not to risk a small sum now invested in Consols in Stock Exchange speculation.

REDEMPTION OF CONSOLS.—VERITAS (Barnstable).—It is not a question of desire but of contract.

SAVETRY OF BANK.—W. H. D. (Plaistow).—Among many wise sayings of the first Duke of Wellington was this: "High interest means bad security." Bear this in mind, and you will understand what advice we should give you as to putting your money in the concern you name. Not that we must be understood as suggesting that this concern is not solvent.

LINOTYPE AND MACHINERY, LIMITED.—E. E. F. (Walton-on-Thames).—Yes, there is priority.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—MOONRAKER (Henry's Road).—We do not see how you can sell the Bond without considerable loss, and we do not think you are likely to get more than its surrender value, which, roughly speaking, is about one-third of what you have paid in. There is no market for these bonds, and the only way in which you can get rid of them is by private negotiation. As to why the Association won't allow you to pay the balance and close the transaction, we suppose they would say it is against their rules; but, on the face of it, the refusal needs explanation.

VARIOUS SHARES.—H. O. (Holloway).—We should cut the loss.

PREMIER BOND INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—W. F. (Londonderry).—We do not recommend it.

MINING SHARES.—OLGA (Palmer's Green).—(1) We cannot advise you to increase your holding in the company named. (2) We have no information respecting the motor-car company to which you refer. (3) We should hold Metropolitan Stock for the present.

GLANAMMAN COLLIERIES.—ANXIOUS (Uxbridge Road).—We do not like debentures giving 10 per cent. interest.

RAFAEL TUCK AND SONS.—ONE WHO KNOWS (Manchester).—You have omitted to send us your name and address. We shall be much obliged if you will do so as soon as possible.

VARIOUS SHARES.—G. S. B. (Shorncliffe).—The best of the four are the soap shares.

AMERICAN RAILS.—H. E. C. (Wood Green).—(1) You could buy quite a small number. (2) The answer to your second question is in the affirmative.

SILVER FINE COBALT SILVER MINES, LIMITED.—G. (Orpington).—Our "candid opinion" is that you would be very ill-advised to buy any of these shares.

ARRETRNOT AND CO.—J. H. (Brampton).—We quite agree. It is a very bad business, but as to revival, that is another matter. We will see if we can get the information you want, and send it to you under cover.

INSURANCE COMPANY.—F. H. (Bradford).—You need be under no anxiety as to the standing of the company you name. The fact that Sir John Kennaway is connected with it is in itself a sufficient guarantee of standing.

INSURANCE CARD AND POLICY.—F. W. O.—We do not remember the card. Kindly send us particulars as to the name of the company, and so on, and the matter shall have immediate attention.

BRITISH SUPREMACY.

By JIM CROW.

I have noticed of late years an offensive tendency among certain persons, who should know better, to affect a cosmopolitan attitude. They smile superciliously at patriotic people like myself, who despise foreigners. The cultivated gentleman of one nation, they pretend, is the equal of a cultivated gentleman of any other nation, not even excepting Britain! That sounds all very fine, but where are you going to find a cultivated gentleman outside Britain?

A BASIS OF COMPARISON.

This leads us to the puzzling inquiries: "What is culture?" and "What is a gentleman?" I remember discussing this topic one day with a friend, who is a thoroughly good fellow and the possessor of exceptional abilities, but has the one crank of imagining that Britain does not rank very high in the scale of nations. He expressed utter amazement when I chanced to remark that, of course, Britons were to foreigners as white men to chimpanzees. His argument was that we were frequently surpassed by men of other nations in art, drama, music, literature, science, medicine, education, and courage. If this were so, it would not necessarily disprove my point. But I maintain that it is not so. I contend that, when an average is struck, we do much more than hold our own.

PAINTERS' TRICKS.

Take art. It would not be fair to choose a period of foreign supremacy and compare it with our ugliest age. I suppose that Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner and a few other British painters were at least as brilliant as Van Dyck, Velasquez, Watteau, Raphael and Michael Angelo. They certainly lacked the coarse vulgarity of Rubens, the silliness of Murillo, the monotony of Millet, the grotesqueness of Giotto, and the clumsiness of other old masters on the Continent. In any case, art is, after all, only a trick, and there is nothing much more to a nation's credit in covering canvasses correctly than in pirouetting adroitly upon a tight-rope.

STAGE-PLAYS.

The same applies to the drama. Most stage performances weary me, but if I were condemned to attend them, I would prefer a brilliant Restoration play, or even one of Sheridan's whimsical works to the heavy, soporific productions of Germany, or the dull and dirty drivel of France. As for Goethe and Schiller, they are even more depressing than Shakespeare; Racine and his school concocted little more than high-sounding verbiage; Molière was almost the only human dramatist abroad, and his work smacked of small beer. The really great dramatist, whether at home or abroad, has yet to be born, and I for one shall not lament if he delays his appearance for another century.

THE WORSHIP OF WORDS.

A comparison of literatures would be a lengthy affair. In the matter of style we have this advantage: that our language is at once more robust and more expressive than any other. German is too clumsy, French too sticky, Italian too much of a tra-la-la for clean and dignified expression. Spanish and Russian might serve, but Spanish literature died out ages ago, and the Russian is not yet out of its cradle. There are probably no really great writers anywhere at the present day, but that is because we are in a period of transition. Your modern man will not stand anything long-winded at any price, and the right telegraphic style has yet to be evolved. But as we held our own in the 19th century, it is reasonable to expect that we shall do so in the 20th.

THE SIGHS OF SCIENCE.

As for science, I have always maintained that it is an overrated blessing. In every age scientists have been intolerant and dogmatic, professing to be the depositories of absolute truth. But the absolute truth of one generation is usually regarded as blind superstition by the next. The only test of the benefits of science is to be found in successful invention, and it will be found that nearly every invention is of a trivial character—merely facilitating some fresh form of hustle, and scarcely assisting the developing of human happiness in any way. But even in this restricted field the chief advances have been due to British endeavours. I read in history that "the industrial genius of England woke late, but at one stride it distanced all competitors." James Watt's discovery was "the birthday of our manufacturing supremacy." The spinning jenny, the power loom, and most of the important improvements of manufacture were due to British inventors. So were the majority of

those inventions which are deemed the component parts of modern civilisation.

MEDICINE MEN.

How far medicine may be regarded as part of civilisation I hesitate to say. Personally, I mistrust all doctors, but if I were ill I should certainly prefer to call in one of my own countrymen rather than trust to the rash experiments of a foreigner. I believe that a Continental sawbones is far more careless of human life than a British surgeon, and certainly the bedside manner of our doctors is far more soothing. The medical profession are very fond of pointing to increased longevity as proof of their prowess. As a matter of fact, the advance is mainly due to improved sanitary conditions, and in bringing them about Britain has certainly been the pioneer. Even now the idea of personal cleanliness makes very slow headway with foreigners; they regard drainage as a needless luxury; and they succumb far more readily to an epidemic.

EDUCATION AND SPORT.

In some countries you may find a more elaborate educational system, but is it more wholesome or more beneficial than our own? The test of education is whether or not it fits people for the battle of life. I daresay foreigners can turn out better clerks and writers and financiers. But a Briton is the better all-round man. His wits are sharper. He can face a difficult situation with greater calmness. He does not scream or shed tears or grow hysterical over trumpery disappointments. He inspires more confidence as well as more respect. This is probably due to the attention which he devotes to games in his educational curriculum. Every British boy and many a British girl take seriously to games, thereby developing not only their muscles, but their characters, their sense of fairplay, their discretion and their pluck.

COURAGE.

I suppose it will be urged by the friends of the foreigner that your fuzzy-wuzzy, who rushes with wild whoops against a battery, is the pluckiest animal alive. But surely fanaticism is not a synonym of courage. It is rather a form of suicide during temporary insanity. The highest quality in a soldier is that which enables him to take serious risks, which he fully appreciates, for a great purpose. He must not think of his own life when its sacrifice will gain some small strategic advantage. But he must not throw it away in the intoxication of bravado. It is by his admirable combination of bravery and discretion that the British soldier has succeeded in maintaining his martial supremacy. He is neither a machine like the Prussian, nor a mountebank like the French, nor a maniac like the Jap and the Fuzzy-Wuzzy. If any further proof were required of his transcendent qualities, I should only need to point to his success in spite of all the blundering folly of successive Secretaries for War. An army that can survive the experiments of Brodrick and Arnold-Forster and Haldane must contain some sterling stuff in its temperament.

MORALS.

I know we have a Nonconformist conscience. But its weight has been exaggerated. The true Briton is a joyous, kindly creature. He fears God, he honours the King, he delights in sport, he helps lame dogs over stiles. The frowsy fanatics of Little Bethel are a Genevan or Teutonic inheritance, only dangerous because of their philo-progenitiveness. There are too many of them, and I only wish they had but one neck. At the same time they are not dangerous in the long run. They engineered a successful revolution about 250 years ago, and they have interfered with personal liberty ever since. But they have never impregnated or overrun the British temperament. They have never succeeded in stemming the tide of British beer.

BEER AND THE BIBLE.

Beer, beer, glorious beer! That is the keynote of our ascendancy. While the mounseers sip syrups and vinegar and wormwood, we keep up our peckers with the very best malt. That is why we never, never shall be slaves, and why we shall always, always rule the waves. Beer and the Bible. Those are the two ineffable safeguards of our proud position. From the one we derive our stout stomachs; from the other we derive our artistic temperament, our sense of poetry, our stiff necks, our sense of righteousness, and our assurance of superiority. There is barm as well as balm in Gilead.

MAY WE SEND YOU A FEW?

We have printed some very artistic JOHN BULL postcards, a small supply of which we shall be pleased to forward to any reader upon application to the Publisher, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

IX.—HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

We have received the following letter from Ralph Lynes, who writes from 44, Alderville Road, New King's Road, Fulham, S.W. It seems worthy of attention:—

DEAR SIR,—It has been said by many that we of the working classes do not try conscientiously to obtain employment, and to show how little justice there is in this sweeping condemnation, I ask you, Sir, to peruse the following facts, the publication of which may go in some way to lessen somewhat this erroneus supposition:—I had been out of work for some weeks, and finding myself with only a few shillings left of my little savings, and seeing no prospect of getting employment in London, I packed up a few things and started on the road on the 16th of July last, intending to find work in the provinces, if work was to be had at all—work of any kind, in any capacity, permanent or otherwise. How far I succeeded in my quest the following will show. Starting from the above address, *vid* the Great North Road, enquiring along the road at any building works I passed for work as a painter, which is my trade, or failing that for a job as labourer. The end of the first day found me at Dunstable, where I slept, or tried to sleep, in a field. This practice I continued next day, starting at 3 a.m., and with the same amount of success. I stopped that night at Towcester, and continued on next morning at the everlasting game of asking for work, meeting with scant courtesy and little encouragement, arriving at Coventry at eight o'clock at night with hopes of better success on the morrow. At 6 a.m., on the 19th, I started round the city, calling anywhere where there appeared the smallest likelihood of getting anything to do of any sort whatever; but once again I was doomed to disappointment, although I did not relinquish my efforts until all had knocked off work.

Failing to obtain satisfaction at Coventry, I left at 4 a.m. on the 20th for Northampton, *via* Dunchurch and Daventry, and arrived at 8 p.m. on the same day, but here I found things worse than at any place I had previously visited as regards employment, the place being crowded with unemployed, and all branches of trade apparently in a state of stagnation, due no doubt to a depression in the shoe trade. I stayed here until the 23rd, however, trying everywhere, and hoping against hope, and left at 5.30 a.m. for Rugby, *via* Welton, arriving at 6 p.m. I left here at 10 a.m., the only work appearing to be the repainting of the London and North-Western Railway Station, where however they required no hands. From there to a spot within six miles of Birmingham, where, being dead-beat, I lay down by the road side, and walked into Birmingham at 5.30 a.m., on the 25th.

3.30 a.m., on the 25th.

The 26th still found me in the same city, but all my efforts to obtain work were fruitless, and at the close of another day's weary wandering, I left the city and slept outside in a field. At 4 a.m. on the 27th I set out again for Kislisbury, where I had heard there was a large amount of hay-making in progress. Arriving at 7 p.m., I stayed in the vicinity all next day, and although there was undoubtedly plenty of haymaking, there were plenty of hands to do it. The best answer I could get to my applications was from a farmer, who told me to bring him some better weather and he would find me a job. On the 29th I came to the conclusion that further efforts would only be to court a repetition of my previous experiences, so turned my weary footsteps toward London at 5 a.m., and continued on tramp until 7.30 on the morning of the 30th, at which time I arrived in Fulham, having been walking without intermission for 26½ hours, and covering 70 miles.

I think I may venture, in the light of the foregoing facts, to the opinion that there are a good many honest workers beside myself who do not mind going further afield, or what hardships and privations they face and undergo for the sake of the wherewith to live. Among my many unwonted experiences "on the road," one which struck me most forcibly was that most of the people with whom I came in contact seemed to think that any man who had the misfortune to be on tramp must necessarily be otherwise than honest, and at best to be there solely for the purpose of cadging. I was refused more often than granted a glass of water.

In conclusion, I may say that during the last seven days of my quest my diet consisted of bread and water—the bread I paid for, and the water was in many instances grudgingly given.

May I beg of you to publish this in your paper, if not encroaching too much upon your space, in the hope that it may catch the eye of those to whose benevolence I am so much indebted for the little I received.

I should like to say that should you or anyone consider it worth while to test the truth of the foregoing, you are at liberty to make any inquiries. The fullest investigation is courted.

MAY WE SEND YOU A FEW?

MAY WE SEND YOU A FEW?
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"What is your Number?" See page 1.

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JOHN BULL readers are advised to write at once for an illustrated pamphlet on the subject of Curative Electricity. It is free for the asking by writing to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. To those who can call at the office a free test is given. In any event, write and get the free book.—ADVT.

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BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That Mr. Aked will resign his berth at Rockefeller's chapel.
That the Standard Oil Company is an upright affair.
That the future of Morocco is *not* to be "bound."
That La Milo gave an exhibition of stage-fright at Coventry.
That Mrs. Harry Thaw is learning to act.
That the Battersea costers ought to be "kerbed."
That Keir Hardie is greatly missed.
That the Limerick craze is *not* a paying game—for the papers.
That Belfast prefers the military banned.

"At the Court of King Satan," has just been published.
"Presentation" copies will be eagerly sought.

According to the *Express*, "La Milo's Lady Godiva was as modest and proper and sedate as a Sunday school teacher." Rather rough on La Milo.

"Is marriage too expensive?" asks a contemporary. Why not make divorce cheaper?

At the recent meeting between the Czar and the Kaiser, the latter conducted divine service. An appropriate hymn would have been "For those 'at sea.'"

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SILLY SEASON:—

Should barbers be dumb?
Is swearing necessary for golf?
Can crabs really laugh?
Is a moving key-hole a sign of drunkenness?
Do earwigs live on air?
Does soft soap always wash?
Can motorists smell?
Is toothache a pleasure?
Is a licence required for shooting corns?
Do we tickle enough?
Is the sausage trade going to the dogs?
Should engaged couples marry?
Is a squint a double event?

"No one marries in the next world, and yet they call it Heaven," says a new book. That is why!

Dr. Macnamara advises teachers to play golf. But teachers say they are not "brassy" enough.

A Blackpool man has died from swallowing his false teeth. It is a wonder that some of our journalists are not choked by their falsehoods.

SOME RIVER WRINKLES:—

Choose the smallest boat; it is easier to pull and cheaper. If the hirer objects, some of the party can get in from the bank higher up.

Anyone can steer—the novice for choice. Two girls with a line each makes an interesting combination.

The middle of the stream is the best place to change seats. Zigzagging from one bank to the other will enable you to admire the scenery on both sides, and provide excitement for the other pleasure-seekers.

Rocking the boat should always be indulged in, especially when a steam launch or tug has just passed. Many worthless lives have been got rid of in this way.

If you have never been on the river before, begin with a Canadian canoe. It is excellent for canoeing.

Punting shows the female form to perfection. Gentlemen should enlarge on this fact.

Always land on a private part of the bank; it is more select. Don't run into steam-launches or tugs; they cost money.

Don't hang your feet over the side of the boat; even the fish have feelings.

It is better not to hug the bank too closely when your best girl is rowing; she may take it as a personal reflection.

Don't swear—aloud!

"The King cheers the Kaiser," says a news heading. Has Weary Willie been weeping again?

Some boys who were fishing at Wolverhampton brought up several pairs of new boots. Were they fishing for soles?

High Wycombe is overrun with frogs. Why don't the inhabitants learn the frog's-march?

Only the stone-deaf man can keep his friends.

The *Tatler* says the good people of Scotland do not talk Scotch. But they drink it.

"Have the courage to use your own money," says *London Opinion*. Why not set the example?

"What does Bernard Shaw mean?" is the title of a recently published monograph. We give it up.

A girl bookmaker was fined at Marlborough Street last week. They found a "alip" on her.

"Geese Overturn a Car," reads an *Express* heading. They often do so.

"The Silent Woman" is the title of a book. Fiction.

"Indignation at injustice sets the average man thinking," says a contemporary. No doubt, but he thinks aloud.

"Liberalism is a creed of hope," according to Lloyd-George. Does he remember that "Hope told a flatt'ring tale?"

A Kingston bridegroom and best man had a fight on their way to the wedding. They wanted to decide which was the best man.

A German savant, seized with cramp while bathing at New Jersey, was pulled out by his whiskers. Frank Richardson would have been drowned.

According to Professor Armstrong, woman is superman. Does this mean that she sits on him?

A man was found parading Yarmouth in a state of nature. A shiftless person.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS:—

"Mrs. Jones's Bonnet," by Gerard Bendall. With frontispiece by Maurice Greiffenhagen, 4s. Though, of course, you cannot judge a new bonnet by its frontispiece, it does not seem dear at the price.

The Bishop of London finds no difficulty in believing in miracles, as this is an age of miracles. We agree. Look at the circulation of JOHN BULL.

A Tariff Reform branch has been established in connection with the Post Office, the secretary being most appropriately a man named Friday.

American girls have a new fad—collecting what is called "the bachelors' baby tax." Would it not be better for the girls to collect the bachelors?

The Premier has become an Incorporated Weaver. We hope this does not mean the freedom to spin yarns.

The Rye House, Herts, advertises its possession of "the Great Bed of Ware, which will accommodate up to and including twenty-four persons." As the Tyrolean giantess has agreed to marry the Australian giant, it might be worth entering into negotiations.

We are indebted to a lady's journal for this reference to a recent social function:—"The garden party was very successful. There were many beautiful dresses, and Lady Blank wore a charming pair of gloves." We trust they were at least ten-buttoned.

The King of Siam, we are informed by the scribes, "was born in 1853 under the sacred white umbrella." As he is brother of the moon and half-brother of the sun we should not have been surprised to hear that he had been born under a cloud.

Two Boston hawkers have been arrested for fighting in the street. One was 89, the other 91. They will be wiser when they get older, perhaps.

A public debate on "Is there a Hell?" has been going on at Hattiesville, U.S.A., for some time, but the judges were unable to decide. So the matter has been adjourned.

The man in charge of the tube at St. Paul's heard a peculiar noise. "Whatever's that?" he shouted. "Are you there?" came the question in a low, gurgling voice. The man, terrified, listened. "I'm Wellington. What the devil do you mean by driving this infernal *Mail* pipe through me? I've had no sleep since they made that confounded Waterloo tube; and now you come tinkering about with your gimlets and things. For goodness sake tell the *Mail* to dry up. Last night Nelson and I were chatting about that soap bubble. After soap, they're looking for dirt. What a world it must be up above. Take your pipes away please, and leave me alone."

A literary journal informs us that "the *Storyteller* is now getting into its stride." We thought storytellers were always lying.

The *Chronicle* has been telling us of the wonderful wireless telephone. But it will never compare with the old-fashioned little dicky-bird for carrying mischief.

Signor Caruso's gallery admirers have given him a fountain pen. They think him a nib, and have given him the write thing.

A paper recommends dogs as an investment. Many people have been throwing their money there for years past.

THE Scapegoat BY HALL CAINE

This great novel is, in the opinion of many competent judges, the author's masterpiece. It was one of the favourite novels of the late Mr. Gladstone, who spoke of it as "a great work of art," and of its principal character, Israel, as a "noble and skilfully-drawn figure."

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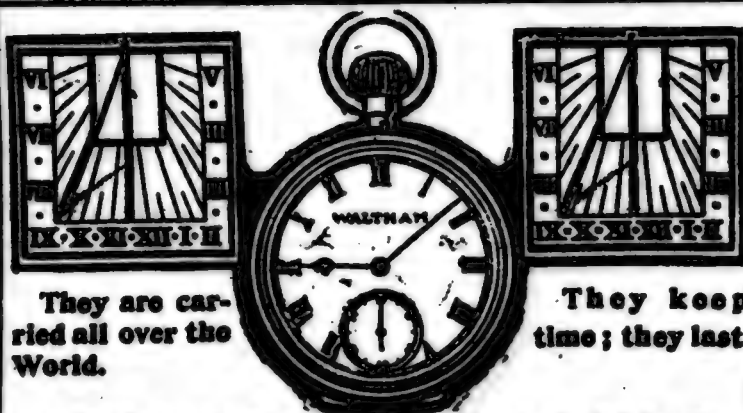
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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of
his numerous correspondents.]

A CANNY SCOT (Edinburgh).—Sorry we lapsed into a word or two of English when we wrote the Scotch to Kaid MacLean, but then we have even heard Scotsman lapse into English when they drink it. *Dinna be sae canny. Ye might ha' kenned frae the pairfection o' the ither pairts that the English was a' frae force o' the habit. When ye pen the English as weel as we pen the Scots ye shall hae ane o' oor biscuits, but ye has a sicht tae learn afore ye get it.* Thanks for your custom. Your request that we shall specially draw for you a winning number is, however, rather—shall we say Scotch. Who are we that we should interfere with the inscrutable decrees of an over-ruling Providence?

"NO MORE TROUBLE" (Glasgow) writes to "congratulate though not homologate" us on our first, and he hopes last, effort to "compose any communication in MacLean's own tongue." He will gather from the reply above that we are exceedingly proud of it in parts; but if he has a nobler and a richer talent for the true Doric, by all means let him send us a word-for-word correction, and we will endeavour to profit by it. Always delighted to hear from anybody in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Abairdeen, or Auchtermuchty.

R. McK. (Singapore) writes at length protesting against the action of the British Consul at Bangkok, whose letter he encloses. The Consul only asked him, very civilly, not to make so much noise loading his ship at night. But our correspondent took this as a command, and feared the Consul (who is a magistrate) might do him a mischief if he did not load elsewhere. He complains that he was put to extra expense, and says he would have fared better if he had been a foreign subject. Why not have had a friendly talk with the Consul, who would no doubt have listened to reason? We cannot take sides about misunderstandings so far away.

S. C. M. (Norwich), E. D. (Islington), and others.—Thanks for cutting. We have dealt with the matter editorially.

J. T. F. (Easton in Gordano).—We do not care to take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising you to deal with either of the institutions you mention.

A. G. (Stroud Green).—We are sorry you have mislaid your numbers, but surely you should have inquired.

F. W. F. (London).—We really cannot adjudicate upon the merits of "Limericks." You will observe that we have already referred to our namesake's consolation prize.

T. R. W. (Ealing).—The reason you could not obtain a copy of our issue at the publishing office on Wednesday was that we do not care to anticipate the trade. We have passed your request re building society certificate on to our City Editor.

A. W.—Write to the Secretary, London Chamber of Commerce, 1 and 2, Oxford Court, Cannon Street, E.C.

C. S. (Plaistow).—Glad to see you at any of our weekly drawings. We note that the Church Press, of Balaam Street, Plaistow, has annexed our poster idea of "One moment, please," but the Church has never been very particular about other people's property.

"CONQUEST" (York).—Thanks for further letter re Derby horse syndicate, but we are afraid that the majority of our readers rather eschew racing.

PRIVATE SYDNEY L. MILLS, who is now an inmate of the Islington Workhouse, St. John's Road, Holloway, served 18 months in the Boer War and subsequently in the Somaliland Campaign, being specially mentioned for conspicuous gallantry at Pretoria. He has since been invalided from the army, owing to a stroke of paralysis, with a pension of 8d. a day for a limited term, which has now expired. The paralysis has affected his speech, but otherwise he is fit to take charge of one or two boilers or do any other general work. His age is 26. If any reader can do anything for him, perhaps he will write direct.

R. K. (Mayfair).—Sorry you do not consider us always O.K. We will try and be good in future.

F. R. (Ballarat).—We have made inquiries, and find that the business of the Auto Table Fountain Company has recently changed hands, and from all we can gather, the new proprietors are thoroughly respectable people, and we understand that, although not legally liable, they have completed any orders which remained unexecuted at the time of their taking over the concern. You will, therefore, receive your fountain shortly.

W. H. (Hull).—Thanks for copy of *Hull and East Riding Graphic*. It seems a comical sort of publication, being dated on the cover "July 5th," on p. 2 "July 18th," and on p. 3 "July 25th." In future, when we complain of our printers' errors, they will doubtless tell us to go to Hull.

"EXPERT" (London), referring to our recent answer to a correspondent about the barque "Stork," belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, says that, though 27 years old, she is built largely of hard wood, and since belonging to her present owners has been practically reconstructed. Most of the boats engaged in the ice regions are quite as old, in fact two—the "Magdalena" and the "Windward"—average 50 years, and are still quite fit to battle with the elements.

W. J. McG. (Exeter).—Poor old Lobb—if he believes what he says we wish he would ask Theodore Hook what he thinks of the new JOHN BULL.

MAC (Dundee).—We have said the same thing about these "Bucket-shops" a score of times. We hope next session to introduce a Bill dealing with them.

T. A. E. (Mexborough).—We have read Mr. John Sopp's letter several times and in all ways, and we think it goes best when read backwards. Still, he seems a decent sort of chap. Not a milk-Sopp at any rate!

W. B. (Bucks).—An obvious misprint.

WRITER.—You are an observant reader, but you forgot to give your name and address. One of the paragraphs is a statement of fact—the other, of opinion.

A. C. (Shepherd's Bush).—It is, already.

A. G. (London, W.C.) calls attention to Mr. Justice Jelf's sentence of 12 months' hard labour on a man who embezzled 7s. If it was a first offence, we agree that the punishment was unduly severe. But was it?

A. T. A. (March) sends an advertisement from the *Wisbech Advertiser*, "WANTED, a good PLAIN WASH." He suggests a biscuit for this, but we should have thought a cake (of soap) would be more appropriate.

L. H. R. (Victoria Street).—If papers can't be more accurate, what truth can you expect to find in histories?

C. H. (Finsbury Park) wants a pension for a deserving author. He had better write direct to the Prime Minister.

L. Bros. (Old Street).—Unsolicited charity could only be treated as an impertinence.

"COMMON SENSE."—We quite agree that beauty cannot be tested by photographs. The idea of repeating the judgment of Paris in the reptile press seems to us one of the most futile and footling of follies.

F. W. H. (Lexham Gardens) points out that the *Weekly Dispatch* gave "Limerick" prizes for lines which have no rhythm unless the last word is deliberately mispronounced. Corpulent, monument, accident, and comment were all given with the accent on their last syllable. Perhaps that is the way the judge talks.

W. J. McC. (Mayfair) sends the following recipe for energy, culled from the correspondence on "slack youth" in the *Daily Telegraph*: *I was fed upon wheat, well washed, and then soaked and boiled in new milk, and pressed through a fine sieve, and I think I may say without boasting that you would have a job to find anyone with more energy than myself.* If he really survived such treatment, he must have been blessed with a very fine constitution!

L. H. (London, E.).—Why waste your time on such rubbish?

"DISGUSTED" sent *London Opinion* some "Limerick" lines almost identical with some prize-winning ones. But he got nothing. So he has wisely determined not to compete again.

B. S. (Forest Gate) "would undertake, with 6,000 picked troops, to subdue Morocco from one end to another." We did not know we possessed a military genius among our readers.

W. F. (London, S.E.).—Scarcely worth a biscuit, though it sounds funny.

S. H.—W. (Manchester).—It was only his word against hers. Glad you like Vivian, and note you think Crow is "off." We wish he were.

"ONE FROM THE FIRST" (Wood Green).—We have already exposed M. A. Winter.

T. E. (Felling) has heard from the Premium Tea Co.

B. D. (Mile End Road).—We are sometimes guilty of misprints ourselves, so we will forbear.

L. V. W. (Ladbroke Grove), E. M. H. (Teignmouth), and A. J. P. (Southampton).—No.

M. B. C. (Hendon).—It is very easy to take in some papers (in both senses of the phrase).

F. S. (London, W.C.) seems to want to fight Jim Crow. We will hold the stakes.

G. B. (Forest Gate).—We agree that Dickens would have pilloried "T. P." very effectively.

A. G. W. (Seven Kings).—There is no obligation to pay excess fare in advance.

"ARTIST" (Eastbourne).—Thanks for pretty picture. We have looked in vain for the pub.

J. Q. (Sydenham) wants £5 for six lines of doggerel. Why not try *London Opinion*?

C. B. (Portsmouth) is to be congratulated on getting money back from the London Premium Tea Co.

"FAIRPLAY" (Wallsend) traverses a statement of "Bandarillero" in our issue of July 27th about the Irish candidate for Jarrow. We note the contradiction, but do not care to pursue the subject.

"WILL" (Birmingham) objects to our using foreign phrases sometimes, but we do so only after dinner.

"A LOVER OF TRUTH AND FAIR PLAY."—If a firm loses £3,000 a year through petty thefts, we do not pity them for their carelessness.

R. W. S. (Sloane Gardens).—D.N. stands for Doctor of News, of course. If coroners' inquests were abolished, the police would still be on the look-out for murderers.

"RUNSWICK," referring to the advertisement of a "live traveller," says that dead ones don't require situations in this planet. That depends upon the line they travel on.

S. H. M. (Plaistow).—We do not advise literature as a means of making money. Most other ways are more profitable, as well as more honest.

NUMEROUS READERS write complaining of their treatment at the hands of the so-called "judges" of journals running "Limerick" competitions. Our advice to them in all cases is to lay their complaints before the Public Prosecutor.

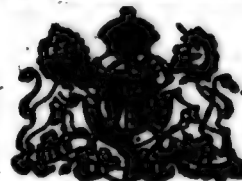
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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

J. W. E. (Mile End).—We suppose the agreement was entered into voluntarily, but we should scarcely call it charity.

"A DISGUSTED LIBERAL."—See our remarks about pensions in No. 60.

C. O. (Bournemouth).—Glad we have been of use to you in saving you from being bamboozled and in finding you "a capital fellow to compose music" for your songs. Go on singing our praises.

G. J. (Manchester) sends us a notice issued by the Town Clerk of Oswestry prohibiting bad language in the Pleasure Grounds under penalty of £5 for each offence. Do they play golf there?

B. S. D. (Fulham).—Yes, "Limerick" is another word for lottery. Your line seems to us better than the one which received £50 from the *Weekly Dispatch*.

P. H. T. (Walsall) has a friend who thinks Lord Northcliffe did more to merit his peerage than any recent creation, because he was the pioneer of the halfpenny morning paper. P. H. T. asserted that the *Leader* came out before the *Mail*. They had a bet about it, and wrote to both papers. On July 19th the News Editor of the *Mail* wrote that his paper only appeared some years after the *Leader*, but on the 23rd the Librarian of the *Mail* wrote that his was the first halfpenny morning paper. The Librarian should be docked of the 3rd, 4th, and last three letters of his title.

J. S. G. (Edinburgh) describes himself as "another Scotchman who can't see a joke." That is probably because his name is Irish. Who ever heard of a Scot calling himself a "Scotchman?" Meanwhile we agree that a "speaking likeness" of a horse is remarkable. We cannot say neigh to that.

E. A. J. (London, W.C.).—Water is certainly an unusual and inapposite way of spelling waiter.

J. S. (Leeds) sends a report of a cricket match. The players' names were mostly those of diseases. But who made any complaints?

"HOME."—Probably the notorious Truscott. We advise you to keep off the grass.

W. W. (Deal) has found a copy of JOHN BULL dated Sunday, June 8th, 1828, price 7d. We had to reduce our price as the paper duty has been removed, though we are now worth more than ever.

"DEBATE" (Bristol) wants "pamphlets" against arbitration. He had better buy Stead's writings. When he advocates anything, he drives sane people unconsciously to the other side.

B. J. E. (Bromley, Kent), A. K. (Thornton Heath), W. M. (Bath), E. W. (Southend), and 999 others.—Read all our back numbers more diligently, if you will be so very kind.

A. W. (Coalville).—We know nothing of the "Bethany" Crippled Children's Home, Kinver, near Stourbridge, of which the founder and governor is the Rev. E. G. Hexall, and the organising secretary the Rev. John Wilson.

F. G. E. (Hexham) notices that whilst we condemn "Bile Beans" and the Yonkerman consumption cure, *Science Siftings* recommends both. Siftings of all kinds should be avoided.

H. E. (Bournemouth).—Thanks for cutting and for the kindly interest you are taking in our journal.

G. W. H. (Wood Green) and G. E. F. (Portland Place) send us copies of an ingenious "pawnticket"—the pledge being "an immortal soul" and the pawnbroker being "The Evil One"—issued by the Rev. Frank Swainson, of St. Barnabas' Church, Harvist Road, Helloway, who is prepared to redeem the pledge, whether free of charge is not stated. Is there a collection?

W. E. C. (Chester).—We know nothing of Mr. E. Norton of 59/60, Chancery Lane, and should strongly advise your friend to consult a local doctor.

W. G. B. (London).—We are not entirely masters of the situation, owing to the terms of our contract, but the matter is having attention.

C. B. (Usk).—We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of recommending any of the firms you mention for electric treatment. You had better consult your own medical man.

G. A. (Blackburn).—An obvious misreport, we think. Otherwise a biscuit should be awarded with pleasure.

F. W. P. (Kingsland Road).—Mr. Frank Harris is now editing *Vanity Fair*. We inquired into the methods of the firm you mention, and were satisfied as to the accuracy of their statements.

"EXPRESS" (Sutton) wants a knighthood for "2s. 6d. a week and beer money." The honour is coming down, but will not reach that price just yet. We have forgotten the fate of the man with 100 wives. Perhaps one of them can report.

H. D. B. (Barnsbury) sends a picture of "a mastiff, a cat, a rat with a bell about its neck, and a raven" all eating out of the same dish. It is taken from the *Christian Herald*, and is probably a prophecy of what may happen at the Millennium. The dog looks as though he were made of porcelain and the rat of india-rubber. The relative size of the creatures obviously suggests a fake.

D. M. (Stamford Hill).—Do not be in a hurry to emigrate. Give the old country a good chance first.

J. G. B. (Lancaster).—Consult any elementary grammar.

ALGERNON ASHTON (St. John's Wood).—Thank you for nothing.

S. A. Y. (Twickenham).—Alas, we are not an employment agency. Why go abroad for a job?

H. C. (Esperanto Association, W.C.).—Why not make English the universal language?

H. J. S. (Stoke Newington).—Yes, "only fancy!" as you very pertinently observe.

H. T. (W. Ealing).—No.

E. M. (Birkenhead).—Yes, we read every word, and are very glad you had a good time once upon a time, even if it was only at Bognor. We are not merely a "London sight," as you kindly suggest. We are one of the wonders of the world.

"RICHARD" (Westbourne Park) wants to know of a good cheap book telling of mixing colours, tricolour work, and half-tones. Perhaps one of our readers can oblige him.

G. E. C. (Ilford) asks whether we have been converted and whether there are any ovens in Heaven. Why not? We don't eat our ambrosia raw.

"SNOWY" (London, W.).—Better luck next time. Has Pearson's parrot been laying any more eggs?

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

THE PREMIER AND THE PEERS.

"Come list, ye people, one and all,"

Said Campbell-Bannerman;

"I'll tell you how we'll dish the Lords,
For I have formed a plan.

"I'm going to put an end to them,
Their jugular I'll sever!"

(Meanwhile, their lordships muttered, "This
Year, next year, some time—never!")

"For know, if they reject a Bill,
My vengeance none can doubt it;
At once I'll call a conference,
And talk to them about it!

"And then once more that Bill of ours
Into their House shall stalk;
And if they throw it out again—
We'll have another talk.

"I'll tell them I will put an end
Unto their tricks for ever!"
(Meanwhile, their lordships muttered, "This
Year, next year, some time—never!")

"If once more they reject the Bill,
We'll stick to them like leeches;
In fact, we'll have another talk
And lots of little speeches.

"And then we'll pass the Bill again,
The third time must be better;
For then we should be satisfied,
That it was a dead letter.

"Now, that's my plan to check the Lords,
And don't you think it clever?"
(Meanwhile, their lordships muttered, "This
Year, next year, some time—never!")

RICHARD MORTON.

Liverpool VICTORIA Legal FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

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Cash Reserves paid, 1906..... £100,000

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES AT POPULAR RATES. WORLD
WIDE POLICIES.

ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

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floor covering than Li-nols, Catesbys' bordered Cork Lino, does not exist. By reason of its tile-like surface dirt and dust cannot gather and stick. Are you not anxious to possess a floor covering granting you such freedom from dirt and dust?

FREE sample pieces, together with fine book of coloured designs, showing prices, sent by post.

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Before applying elsewhere, write to or call upon actual lenders.

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Bills discounted.

NO FEE.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of the "Globe.")

Do they Get it?

Bookies say that some backers want 21s. for their sovereign.

Sporting "Newcasel."

Renwick, the northern trainer, is a son of the erstwhile Member for Newcastle.

Undeniably Inexplicable.

It is truly remarkable how bookmakers know trainers' intentions.

Easy to Reason.

How many trainers ride work regularly, as they ought to?

Hardly a Conundrum.

Which executive is the worst for sending out big lists of "phantom" arrivals?

What do the "Funds" do?

There are very few selling races in Australia, and none at all in Victoria.

Confusion Prevented.

Numerals are not allowed as part of a horse's name in colonial racing. English authorities should copy.

All Luck.

How much our fancies, sentiment, or coincidence, and similar characteristics, govern what we do and what we win or lose at racing!

Size and Elegance.

The Nice official programmes, which only cost 2½d., are four times the size of our race-cards, and most artistically-designed sheets.

The Bookies' saviour.

When s.p. coups are 'phoned down to the course at the last minute it is called "blowing it through the pipe."

Stand to be "Shot at."

S.P. men can often do what they call "bet unlucky," not being able to manipulate their books according to the price of a horse, like those on the course.

Has made his Own Way up.

W. Halsey had his first mount as a 6st. 7lb. boy over a country upon E. Woodland's Alice Maude; his first winner was Frolic in a steeplechase at Sandown.

Owned Bellatrix.

Baron de Forest, who was the adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch, is not unnaturally now using the colours which were made famous by La Flèche.

Close Finishes.

1858 was what is known as the "dead-heat year," ties occurring in the Oaks, Newmarket Stakes, Gimcrack Stakes, and the Craven Plate (between three).

A Natural Reason.

It is noticeable that Mr. Hugh Owen always supports Windsor meetings, probably because he is an old Etonian and looks upon this as his old college fixture.

Erratic.

Where we backers lose is, that we are betting in "threes" one race, when we win, and "thirties" in the next, when sure to go down.

What Work is Done.

How we do all turn regularly daily to the training reports, although knowing how utterly misleading and "made" they frequently are.

A Fact.

There is always the least betting of the day on the first race, people not seeming to have settled down to it. Yet it is only over this and the second race that "doubles" are mainly taken.

Do they mean it?

Some of the leading bookmakers had such a bad time over the big handicaps that they declare it would be a "good thing if all ante-post betting was stopped."

We're all Keen to Know.

It will show how interested everyone is in the s.p., when even the most hardened regulars and backers never miss

going to have a look at the returned prices after a race, although they practically know them by heart.

Visiting Jockeys' Benefit.

The Princess of Wales Stakes at Newmarket—a nice plum for any jockey to pick up—has been fairly monopolised by invading jockeys, for Johnny Reiff, Gómez, and J. H. Martin have all won it of recent years, prior to Maher's treble success.

He Loves Lambourn.

H. Robbins, the jockey, who sits more forward than almost any other horseman of to-day, is not at all strong in his chest and throat, so that Hallick very strongly advised him to accept a retainer offered him to ride in India. He would not leave Lambourn, however, either for this offer or one I made him to go to South Africa.

Does he Study the "Form" (?)

Charlie Somers, the popular little bookie at Tattersall's, who wanders up and down and asks you "what you want to do," possesses the "Racing Calendars" in book form from 1800 inclusive. The whole set was formerly the property of the late Captain Machell.

The Neophyte wouldn't Realise it.

Having regard to the vast volume of betting among reliable men, despite its slipshod manner, the contract being merely clinched by a nod or a single word in the heat of a moment, and with probably a dozen people asking at the same time the price of a dozen different horses, the accuracy and honesty displayed is remarkable.

A Misnomer.

It is a general belief that the clerks of the course really reside at the very locality of the race-meeting with which they are so allied. Mr. Robt. Fowler does so at Lingfield, while at Kempton and Sandown respectively Mr. Walter Hyde, who is secretary of the company, and Mr. N. A. Loraine, the assistant-manager, also live at the respective venues, but, as a very general rule, clerks of the course have their homes and offices at a great distance from the meetings, and many never set foot upon the course itself until the days of the race-meetings.

All Help goes to the Swindlers.

The new Betting Bill is just THE thing to create still more swindling s.p. agents, who will offer even the working-man a small credit, with the certainty of their getting all the money from backers if winning—and equally of not paying anything if they lose. Which is the greater evil, the disease or the remedy?

Prominent.

The men of last week were Ernie Hayes, the popular cricketer whose aggregate totalled nearly 500 (202 against Middlesex), the Woottons, *père et fils*, whose luck veered completely, so that they captured four good races with three bad horses, and Mr. F. Alexander, whose horses did the hat trick at Haydock Park—facetiously termed "Haddock" Park, and which is supposed to be (but on Friday very much wasn't) a backer's "Tom Tiddler's ground."

The Beneficiaries.

Racing and cricket are very closely allied, and among onlookers at every good game at Lord's, the Oval, or elsewhere, are numbers of "racing men"—owners, trainers, and jockeys. This week-end one and all should endeavour to be present at the match Surrey v. Yorks, at the Kennington Oval, and at the same time aid a splendid cause—a benefit for Fred Holland, for ten years one of the mainstays of Surrey's eleven. A consistent, steady player, a popular man, and a real good sort, Holland deserves well of his club, of his friends, and the cricketing public, and if only the weather will favour the fixture, the game ought to be a great one and a bumper success. May it be so.

Deserves a "John Bull" Biscuit.

We have all heard of some of the ruses to avoid payment by various s.p. agents, but I must record one which is almost inimitable and perfectly true. A certain "merchant," having for some time had a "receiving" office, found his victims' claims becoming too numerous and pressing, especially as their number was greatly increased by the result of that week's big race. In consequence, in lieu of cheques, on the following Monday he sent everybody a very polite letter (these swindlers are usually clever at penmanship, and they can be very plausible if they like), written by his clerk, intimating that their cheques would be sent to them towards the end of the week. The reason for the delay given was that the bookmaker was seriously ill with pneumonia, but the doctor's report of that day was that he had passed the crisis and would be able to attend to busi-

ness in the course of a few days. Exactly a week later the bookmaker (who was of course perfectly well) sent out to everybody on his books a neat memorial card recording his death and burial. What could the poor punters do under these circumstances? But a week later, in another name, the SAME bookmaker circularised the whole of the SAME clients, alleging that he had purchased the business of the late firm, and would be pleased to "do" business (on the same terms) with them!

"John Bull" recognises its Sporting Readers.

For many weeks there has been an advertisement on this page—and I have often alluded to it—the photo of Mintagon, Trigg up, Polymelus, ridden by Maher, and the writer. All are on one sheet, and each is autographed, whilst the horses and jockeys are done in colour, and are absolutely lifelike portraits of man and horse. The owner, trainer and jockeys have all in unison praised them as splendid pictures and true photographs. JOHN BULL had 10,000 done to celebrate the popular "double" of Mintagon's Cesarewich and Polymelus's Cambridgeshire of last back-end. Such event in this rapidly moving world is now "a thing of the past," but there can be no denying what excellent mementoes these make, for its equal as an equine portrait has NEVER yet been produced. Some 1,500 of these pictures—which will years hence have great sporting value—are left over, and it has never been an ingredient of JOHN BULL's nature to play "dog in the manger." Therefore, one each will be given GRATUITOUSLY to its readers (who undertake to keep and display it) who are the owners or managers of licensed houses, tobacconist shops, billiard-rooms, or hairdressing saloons—such places where sportsmen do congregate and "talk racing." Each application must be upon the printed notepaper of the house or business, and enclose a penny stamp for postage. In giving away these pictures, which for 10,000 cost us 4½d. each, we can hardly also be expected to throw in the postal tube (½d.) and postage. It will be a case of first come first served as far as the remainder of the pictures go, but, in good faith, the conditions MUST be complied with by our readers. ANYONE not a regular JOHN BULL reader, and not possessing an establishment wherein he pledges himself to hang up (and, if he thinks the picture worth it, to frame) the photo, is not eligible to ask for the gift. Few saloons, bars, etc., but are decorated nowadays with sporting pictures; and if publicans fear so to do because of the eagle eye of the law, imagining that it might mean there is betting carried on there, then they are welcome to the photo for their own private room.

Prophetic.

Kempton will finish very pleasantly, when, whether Wool-winder runs or not, support the unlucky EASTERN in the City of London Foal Plate. It will truly be enjoyable at Windsor at the week-end, when SOUR GRAPES will win the Club Plate, if good enough for her, and COCKTAIL is equally good for the Clewer Plate on the Sandown form with Bolted and Yvette. For the next day's August Handicap,

TRUFFLE DE PERIGORD

has eschewed Kempton and Nottingham. Next Monday HUNTING HORN—second best at Sandown—must go close for the Wolverhampton Handicap.

FARROW'S BANK, LIMITED, which only a year or two since moved into larger premises at 29, New Bridge Street, E.C., has now acquired the whole of the handsome and commodious premises at No. 1, Cheapside, immediately opposite the General Post Office. The bank has branches at Birmingham, Portsmouth, Norwich, Brighton, and Croydon, and agencies throughout the United Kingdom. A free illustrated booklet containing full information as to the facilities offered by the bank will be forwarded on application on the form attached to the full page advertisement appearing in this issue.

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.

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MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.
THE TURF CHRONICLE, containing latest market movements on all important races, sent free on receipt of address.
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Scotland—Bank of Scotland, Glasgow.
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ROBERT MASTERS, CROOK & CO., FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

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TOPPING & SPINDLER, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

John Bull Over-Seas.

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